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THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA.

CYMBELINE.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

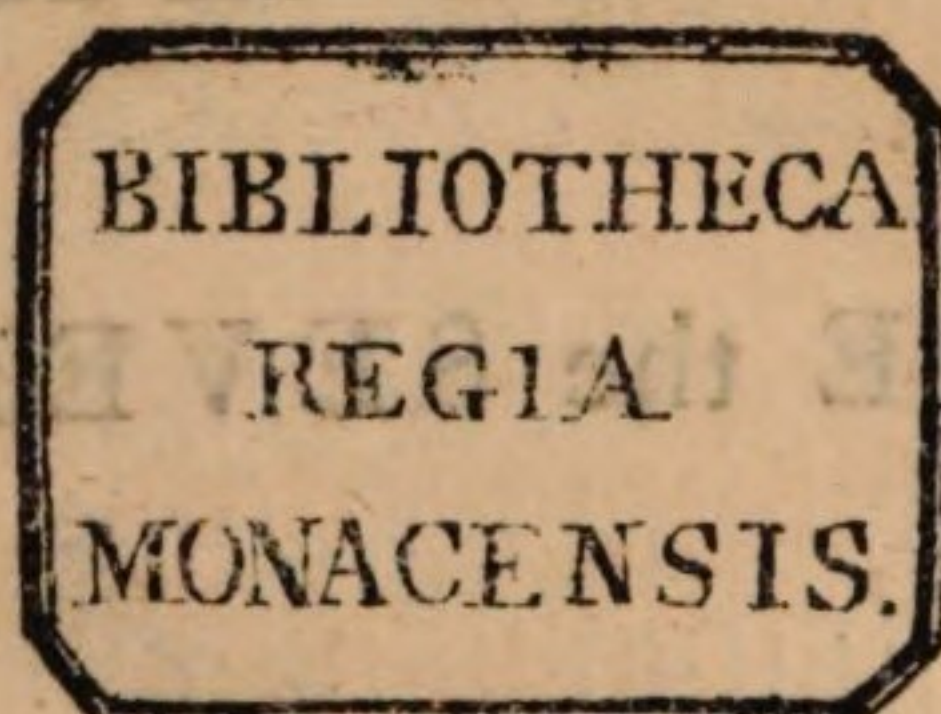


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M DCC LXII.

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE:



JOHN C. ...
ANTHONY and CLARKE
CUM ...
T. ...

...

LONDON:
Printed by C. ...
B. ...
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J U L I U S

C Æ S A R.



Dramatis Personæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Octavius Cæsar,

M. Antony,

M. Æmil. Lepidus,

Cicero.

Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Popilius Læna,

Publius,

Flavius,

Marullus,

Messala,

Titinius,

Artemidorus, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

Young Cato.

Cinna, a Poet.

Another Poet.

Lucilius,

Dardanius,

Volumnius,

Varro,

Clitus,

Claudius,

Strato,

Lucius,

Pindarus, Servant of Cassius.

Ghost of Julius Cæsar.

Cobler.

Carpenter.

Other Plebeians.

Calphurnia, Wife to Cæsar.

Porcia, Wife to Brutus.

Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, for the three first Acts, at Rome: afterwards,
at an Isle near Mutina; at Sardis; and Philippi.

JULIUS

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

(2) *Flav.* What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all that I live by, is the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters; but with-all, I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice!—what conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome*!
Knew you not *Pompey*? many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms; and there have fate
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* pass the streets of *Rome*:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?

(2) *Mar.* What mean'st thou by that? As the *Cobbler* in the preceding Speech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*; 'tis plain, I think, this Speech must be given to *Flavius*.

And

And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out an holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over *Pompey's* blood?
 Be gone——

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague,
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for that fault
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to *Tyber's* bank, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See, whe're their basest metal be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way tow'rds the capitol,
 This way will I; disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
 You know, it is the feast of *Lupercal*.

Flav. It is no matter let no images
 Be hung with *Cæsar's* trophies; I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers, pluckt from *Cæsar's* wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who else would soar above the view of men.
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness, [*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Cæsar, Antony, for the Course, Calphurnia, Porcia,
 Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. *Calphurnia*,——

Casca. Peace, ho! *Cæsar* speaks.

Cæs. *Calphurnia*,——

Calp. Here, my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonius's* way,
 When he doth run his Course——*Antonius*,——

Ant. *Cæsar*, my Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, *Antoni*us,
To touch *Calphurnia*; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chafe,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember.

When *Cæsar* says, do this; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. *Cæsar*,——

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the Prefs, that calls on me
I hear a tongue shriller than all the musick.

Cry, *Cæsar*. Speak; *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A sooth-fayer bids you beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Casca. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæs. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; pass.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and Train.*]

Manent Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the Course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamefome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And shew of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius*,

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,

Of

Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself;
Which give some foil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, *Cassius*, be you one;
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

Bru. No, *Cassius*; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflexion from some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just.
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*,
That you would have me seek into myself,
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know, you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflexion; I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know,
That I profess myself in banquetting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish and shout.

Bru.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Chuse *Cæsar* for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think, you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, *Cassius*; yet I love him well:

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it, that you would impart to me?

• If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye, and death i'th' other,

And I will look on death indifferently: (3)

For, let the Gods so speed me, as I love

The name of honour, more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story:

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Think of this life; but for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

• In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you;

We both have fed as well; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.

For once upon a raw and gusty day,

(3) *And I will look on both indifferently;*] What a Contradiction to this, are the Lines immediately succeeding? If he lov'd Honour, more than he fear'd Death, how could they be both indifferent to him? Honour thus is but in equal Balance to Death, which is not speaking at all like *Brutus*: for, in a Soldier of any ordinary Pretension, it should always preponderate. We must certainly read,

And I will look on Death indifferent'y.

What occasion'd the Corruption, I presume, was, the Transcribers imagining, the Adverb *indifferently* must be applied to Two things oppos'd. But the Use of the Word does not demand it; nor does *Shakespeare* always apply it so. In the present Passage it signifies, *neglectingly*; without *Fear*, or *Concern*: And so *Cajca* afterwards again in this act, employs it.

And dangers are to me indifferent.

i. e. I weigh them not; am not deterr'd on the Score of Danger.

Mr. Warburton.

The

The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, “dar’st thou, *Cassius*, now
 “Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 “And swim to yonder point?”—Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bid him follow; so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar’d, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos’d,
Cæsar cry’d, “Help me, *Cassius*, or I sink.”
 I, as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his shoulder
 The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of *Tyber*
 Did I the tired *Cæsar*: and this man
 Is now become a God; and *Cassius* is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: ’tis true, this God did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye, whose Bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry’d—“give me some drink, *Titinius*”—
 As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the Palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap’d on *Cæsar*.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a *Colossus*; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some times are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,

But

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæsar*! what should be in that *Cæsar*?
 Why should that name be founded, more than yours?
 Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
 Sound them it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit, as soon as *Cæsar*.
 Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
 Upon what meat does this our *Cæsar* feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
 That her wide walls incompass'd but one man?
 Now is it *Rome*, indeed; and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in *Rome*,
 As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim;
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
 I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
 'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of *Rome*
 Under such hard conditions, as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. The Games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.

Cas.

Cæs. As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the sleeve,
And he will, after his own fashion tell you,
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do so; but look you, *Cassius*,——
The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsar*'s brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.

Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and *Cicero*
Looks with such ferret, and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the capitol,
Being crost in conference by some Senators.

Cæs. *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. *Antonius*,——

Ant. *Cæsar*?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights:
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much;
He is a great observer; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, *Antony*; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*]

Manent

Manent Brutus and Cassius : Casca, to them.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, *Casca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That *Cæsar* looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask *Casca* what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him ; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other ; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown ?

Casca. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown ; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets ; and, as I told you, he put it by once ; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again, then he put it by again ; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time ; he put it the third time by ; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar* ; for he swooned, and fell down at it : and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you ; what, did *Cæsar* swoon ?

Casca.

Casca. He fell down in the marklet-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you and I, And honest *Casca*, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, *Cæsar* fell down: If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they used to do the players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: An' I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, "If he had done, or
" said any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worships to
" think it was his infirmity." Three or four wenches where I stood, cry'd, "alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' face again. But those, that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too: *Marullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling scarfs off *Cæsar*'s images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, *Casca*?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Cas.

Cas. Good, I will expect you.

Casca. Do so : farewell both.

[*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be ?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form :
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is : for this time I will leave you,
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so ; till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
Thy honourable mettle may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd ; therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes :
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humour me.—I will, this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name : Wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.
And, after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure ;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter *Casca*, his sword drawn ;
and *Cicero*, meeting him.

Cic. Good even, *Casca* ; brought you *Cæsar* home ?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O *Cicero* ;
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have

Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is civil strife in heav'n ;
Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

Casca. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Help up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I ha' not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets,
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,

“ These are their reasons, they are natural : ”
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid *Antonius*
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Casca* ; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, *Cicero*.

[*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas.

Cas. *Casca*, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And thus unbraced, *Casca*, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heav'n, I did present myself
Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heav'ns?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, *Casca*; and those sparks of life,
That should be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or else you use not; you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heav'ns:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven has infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, *Casca*, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca.

Casca. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean; is it not, *Cassius*?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors; (4)
But, woe the while! our father's minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits:
Our yoke and suff'rance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the Senators to-morrow
Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a King:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in *Italy*.

Cas. I know, where I will wear this dagger then.
Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius*.
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat;
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this; know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees, the *Romans* are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is *Rome*?
What rubbish, and what offal? when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate

(4) *Have thews and Limbs*——] Mr. Pope has subjoined, to both his Editions, an Explanation of *Thews*, as if it signified, *Manners* or *Capacities*. 'Tis certain, it sometimes has these Significations; but he's mistaken strangely to imagine it has any such Sense here: Nor, indeed, do I ever remember its being used by our Author in those Acceptations. With him, I think, it always signifies, *Muscles*, *Sinews*, *bodily Strength*.

So vile a thing as *Cæsar*? But, oh grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know,
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to *Casca*, and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand: (5)
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Casca*, I have vow'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable dang'rous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In *Pompey's* Porch. For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is fev'rous, like the work we have in hand;
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: who's that, *Metellus Cimber*?

Cas. No, it is *Casca*, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, *Cinna*?

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange fights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O *Cassius*! could you win the noble *Brutus*
To our party——

(5) ———— *Hold, my Hand.*] This Comma must certainly
be removed. *Casca* bids *Cassius* take his Hand, as it were to bind
their League and Amity. So afterwards, in this Play;

Give me thy Hand, Messala.

Cas.

Cas. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this paper ;
And look you lay it in the Prætor's chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it ; and throw this
In at his window ; set this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus*' statue : all this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s porch, where you shall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there ?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers, as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s Threatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*

Come, *Casca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house ; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited ; let us go,
For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*





A C T II.

S C E N E, BRUTUS's Garden.

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

WHAT, *Lucius*! ho!——

I cannot by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day——*Lucius*, I say!
I would, it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I say! what, *Lucius*!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. [Exit.]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him;
But for the general. He would be crown'd——
How might that change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking: crown him——that——
And then I grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* may:
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel

Will

Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir:
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of *March*? (6)

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. *[Exit.]*

(6) *Is not to-morrow, boy, the first of March?* I dare pronounce a palpable Blunder here, which none of the Editors have ever been aware of. *Brutus* enquires whether the *first* of *March* be come, and the Boy brings him word 'tis wasted 15 Days. Allowing *Brutus* to be a most contemplative Man, and his Thoughts taken up with high Matters, yet I can never agree, that he so little knew how Time went, as to be mistaken a whole Fortnight in the Reckoning. I make no Scruple to assert, the Poet wrote *Ides*. But how could *Ides*, may it not be objected, be corrupted into *first*? What Similitude in the Traces of the Letters? This Difficulty may very easily be solved, by only supposing that the Word *Ides* in the Manuscript Copy happened to be wrote contractedly thus, *js*: The Players knew the Word well enough in the Contraction; but when the MSS came to the *Press*, the Compositors were not so well informed in it: They knew, that *jst* frequently stood for *first*; and blunderingly thought that *js* was meant to do so too: and thence was derived the Corruption of the Text. But that the Poet wrote *Ides*, we have this in Confirmation. *Brutus* makes the Enquiry on the Dawn of the very Day, in which *Cæsar* was kill'd in the Capitol. Now 'tis very well known, that this was on the 15th Day, which is the *Ides*, of *March*. I ought to acknowledge, that my Friend Mr. *Warburton* likewise started this very Emendation, and communicated it to me by Letter.

Bru.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thyself :

Shall Rome,——speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake.

Such instigations have been often dropt,

Where I have took them up :

Shall Rome——thus must I piece it out,

“ Shall *Rome* stand under one man's awe ? what ! *Rome* ?

“ My ancestors did from the streets of *Rome*

“ The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.”

Speak, strike, redress,——am I entreated then

To speak, and strike ? O *Rome* ! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus* !

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted fourteen days. (7)

[Knocks within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate ; some body knocks ;

[Exit Lucius.

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I have not slept.——

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :

The genius, and the mortal instruments

Are then in council ; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,

(7) *Sir, March is wasted fifteen Days.]* The Editors are slightly mistaken : It was wasted but 14 Days ; this was the Dawn of the 15th, when the Boy makes his Report.

Who

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks;
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [Exit Lucius.]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and
Trebonius.*

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest;
Good-morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you? [Aside.]

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your self,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, *Casca*; this, *Cinna*;
And this, *Metellus Cimber*.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [They whisper.]

Dec. Here lies the East: doth not the day break here?

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B

Casca.

Casca. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my sword, the Sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if that the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes;
And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed:
So let high-fighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes, swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits;
To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath: When ev'ry drop of blood,
That ev'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he doth break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? shall we sound him?

I think,

I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands ;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not : let us not break with him ;
For he will never follow any thing,
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only *Cæsar*?

Cas. *Decius*, well urg'd : I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-live *Cæsar* : we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all ; which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, *Caius* ;
We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the spirit of man there is no blood :
O, that we then could come by *Cæsar*'s spirit,
And not dismember *Cæsar* ! but alas !

Cæsar must bleed for it—And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
Which, so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
 And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* arm,
 When *Cæsar's* head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him;
 For in th' ingrafted love he bears to *Cæsar*—

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
 If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
 Is to himself, take thought, and die for *Cæsar*:
 And that were much, he should; for he is giv'n
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 If *Cæsar* will come forth to-day, or no:
 For he is superstitious grown of late,
 (Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be so resolv'd,
 I can o'erway him; for he loves to hear,
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
 But when I tell him, he hates flatterers.
 He says, he does; being then most flattered,
 Leave me to work:
 For I can give his humour the true bent;
 And I will bring him to the capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hard,

Who

Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you *Brutus*;
And, friends! disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it, as our *Roman* actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy;
And so, good-morrow to you every one. [Exeunt,

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius*! fast asleep? it is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord!

Bru. *Portia*, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my bed: and, yesternight at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms-a-cross;
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,

B 3

Hoping

Hoping it was but an effect of humour;
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good *Porcia*, go to bed.

Per. Is *Brutus* sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? what is *Brutus* sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
To add unto his sickness? no, my *Brutus*,
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy: and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Porcia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, (8)

And

(8) ————— comfort your Bed,

And talk to you?-----}

This is but an odd Phrase, and gives as odd an Idea. The Word,

And talk to you sometimes? dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? if it be no more,
Porcia is *Brutus*' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that Lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well reputed; *Cato*'s daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [Knock.
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Porcia*, go in a while;
And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart,
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [Exit *Porcia*.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks.

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*! how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a kerchief? 'would you were not sick!

I have substituted, seems much more proper; and is one of our
Poet's own Usage upon the like Occasions; which makes me sus-
pect, he employ'd it here.

Cai. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful ear to hear it.

Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome*!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sick.

Bru. That we must also. What it is, my *Caius*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.

Cæs. **N**OR heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night;
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cry'd out,
"Help, ho! they murder *Cæsar*." Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord?—

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my Lord. [Exit.]

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæsar*? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth ; the things, that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back: when they shall see
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Cal. *Cæsar*, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
(Besides the things that we have heard and seen)
Recounts most horrid fights seen by the watch.
A lions hath whelped in the streets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead ;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the capitol :
The noise of battle hurtled in the air ;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O *Cæsar* ! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods ?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth : for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once :
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange, that men should fear :
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurs ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

[Exit Servant.]

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of cowardise:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to day for fear.
No, *Cæsar* shall not ; danger knows full well,

That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.

(9) We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my Lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence ;
Do not go forth to-day ; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate-house,
And he will say, you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say, I am not well ;
And for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail ! good morrow, worthy *Cæsar* ;
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day ; tell them so, *Decius*.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a lye ?
Have I in conquest stretch mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the truth ?
Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
But for your private satisfaction,

(9) *We heard two Lions* —] The first Folio ----- *We heare* -----
The Copies have been all corrupt, and the Passage, of course, unintelligible. But the slight Alteration, I have made, restores Sense to the whole ; and the Sentiment will neither be unworthy of *Shakespeare*, nor the boast too extravagant for *Cæsar* in a Vein of Vanity to utter: that he and Danger were two Twin-whelps of a Lion, and he the Elder, and more terrible of the Two.

Because

Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home;
She dreamt last night, she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood: and many lusty *Romans*
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
These she applies for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This Dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue, spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great *Rome* shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognisance.
This by *Calpurnia's* dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
“Break up the Senate 'till another time,
“When *Cæsar's* wife shall meet with better dreams:”
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
“Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid!”

Pardon me, *Cæsar*; for my dear, dear love,
To your proceeding bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, *Calpurnia*?
I am ashamed, I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go:

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius,
Cinna and Publius.*

And, look, where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome, *Publius*.

What,

What, *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?
 Good-morrow, *Casca*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.
 What is't o' clock?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! *Antony*, that revels long o' nights,
 Is notwithstanding up. Good-morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
 I am to blame to be thus waited for.
 Now, *Cinna*; now *Metellus*; what *Trebonius*!
 I have an hour's talk in store for you,
 Remember, that you call on me to-day;
 Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Cæsar*, I will;—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
 That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me.
 And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*, [*Aside.*
 The heart of *Brutus* yerns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Street near the Capitol.

(10) *Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.*

CÆSAR, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;
 Come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust
 not

(10) *Enter Artemidorus,*] In the *Dramatis Personæ*, through all the Editions, *Artemidorus* is called a *Soothsayer*. But, it is certain, the Poet designed two distinct Characters. *Artemidorus* was neither Augur, nor Soothsayer. It is true, there was an *Artemidorus*, whose Critic on Dreams we still have: but he did not live until the Time of *Antoninus*. He likewise wrote, according to *Suidas*, of Augury and Palmistry. But this *Artemidorus*, who had been *Cæsar's* Host at

not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about thee: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee!
 Thy Lover, *Artemidorus.*

Here will I stand, 'till *Cæsar* pass along,
 And as a suitor will I give him this:
 My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of emulation.
 If thou read this, O *Cæsar*, thou may'st live;
 If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.]

Enter Porcia and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the Senate-house;
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
 Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
 Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there——
 O constancy, be strong upon my side,
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might:
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
 Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
 And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord look well,
 For he went sickly forth: and take good note,
 What *Cæsar* doth, what suitors press to him.

at *Cnidos*, as we learn from *Plutarch*, *Appian*, &c. did not pretend to know any thing of the Conspiracy against *Cæsar* by Prescience, or Prognostication. He was a Sophist, who taught that Science in *Greek* at *Rome*; by which Means being intimate with *Brutus*, and those about him, he got into their Secret; and, out of his old Affection for *Cæsar*, was desirous of acquainting him with his Danger.

Hark,

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm intended tow'rds him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear;
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng, that follows *Cæsar* at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in—aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O *Brutus*! *Brutus*!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me:—*Brutus* hath a suit,
That *Cæsar* will not grant.—O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord;
Say, I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt severally.

A C T



A C T III.

S C E N E, *the Street before the Capitol;
and the Capitol open.*

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

CÆSAR.

THE Ides of *March* are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar: read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit,
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not Cæsar, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize, *Popilius*?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popilius Lena*?

Cæs. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive:
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done, if this be known?

Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back;

For I will slay myself.

Bru.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose ;
For, look, he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time ; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber* ? let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest ; press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready ? what is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress ?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Kneeling.
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, *Cimber* ;
These couchings and these lowly curtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæsar* bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words :
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished ;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong ; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar*'s ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar* ;
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, *Brutus* !

Cas. Pardon, *Cæsar* ; *Cæsar*, pardon ;
As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :

But

But I am constant as the northern star,
 Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,
 There is no fellow in the firmament;
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
 So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
 Yet, in the number, I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
 Let me a little shew it, ev'n in this;
 That I was constant, *Cimber* should be banish'd;
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cim. O *Cæsar*——

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus*?

Dec. Great *Cæsar*——

Cæs. Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak hands for me. [*They stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. Et tu, *Brute*?—— then fall *Cæsar*! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead——

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets——

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
 Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

Bru. People, and Senators! be not affrighted;
 Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friends of *Cæsar's*
 Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing. *Publius*, good cheer;
 There is no harm intended to your person,
 Nor to no *Roman* else; so tell them, *Publius*.

Cas. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the people,
 Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed,
 But we the doers.

Enter

Enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is *Antony*?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures;
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we *Cæsar*'s friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. (11) Stoop, *Romans*, stoop;
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsar*'s blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
'Then walk we forth ev'n to the Market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "peace! freedom! and liberty!"

Cas. Stoop then, and wash—how many ages hence
[*Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.*

(11) *Stoop, Romans, stoop,*] Mr. *Pope*, in both his Editions, has, from these Words, arbitrarily taken away the Remainder of this Speech from *Brutus*, and placed it to *Casca*: because, he thinks, nothing is more inconsistent with *Brutus*'s mild and philosophical Character. And as he often finds Speeches in the later Editions, he says, put into wrong Mouths; he thinks, this Liberty is not unreasonable. 'Tis true, a diligent Editor may find many such Errors committed even in the first printed Copies: but it has not often been Mr. *Pope*'s good Fortune to hit upon them. I dare warrant, the Printers made no Blunder in this Instance; and therefore I have made bold to restore the Speech to its right Owner. *Brutus* esteem'd the Death of *Cæsar* a Sacrifice to Liberty: and, as such, gloried in his heading the Enterprize. Besides, our Poet is strictly copying a Fact in History. *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Cæsar*, says, "*Brutus* and his Followers, being yet hot with the Murder, march'd in a Body from the Senate-house to the Capitol, with their drawn Swords, with an Air of Confidence and Assurance." And, in the Life of *Brutus*, — " *Brutus* and his Party betook themselves to the Capitol, and in their way shewing their Hands all bloody, and their naked Swords, proclaim'd Liberty to the People."

Shall

Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompey's* basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest, and best hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of *Antony's*.

Serv. Thus, *Brutus*, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down; [*Kneeling.*
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say,
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold and loving;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in death:
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead,
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true faith. So says my master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*. Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—fare thee well.
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As *Cæsar*'s death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O *Antony*! beg not your death of us:
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see, we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity;)—
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*: For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*;
Our arms exempt from malice; and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strook him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand;
 First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;
 Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand;
 Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
 Yours, *Cinna*; and, my valiant *Casca*, yours;
 Tho' last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
 Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.
 That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, oh, 'tis true;
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, *Julius*—here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand
 Sign'd in thy spoil, (12) and crimson'd in thy death.
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
 How like a deer, stricken, by many Princes,
 Dost thou here lie?

Cas. *Mark Antony*————

(12) *And crimson'd in thy Death.*] All the old Copies, that I have seen, read, *Lethe*. The Dictionaries, indeed, acknowledge no such Word: and as the *L* might have mistakingly been form'd from an obscure *D*, not taking the Ink equally in all Parts, I have suffer'd the more known Word to stand in the Text; tho', indeed, I am not without Suspicion of our Poet's having either coin'd the other Term, or copied it from some obsolete Author, who had adopted it from the *Letum* of the *Latines*; which, 'tis well known, was used for *Death*, as well as *Destruction*, *Ruin*, *Havock*, &c.

Ant.

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius* :
The enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this :
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else this were a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
'That were you, *Antony*, the son of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek ;
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you.——
You know not what you do ; do not consent, [*Aside.*
That *Antony* speak in his funeral :
Know you, how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon,
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsar*'s death.
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission ;
And that we are contented, *Cæsar* shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies :
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here, take you *Cæsar*'s body :
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar* ;
And say, you do't by our permission :

Else

Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand, that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war:
All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds;
And *Cæsar's* spirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Até* by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry havock, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Serv. I do, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Cæsar* did write for him to come to *Rome*.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;

And

And bid me say to you by word of mouth——

O Cæsar!

[*Seeing the Body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
Passion I see is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;

Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse

Into the market-place: there shall I try

In my Oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;

According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*]

SCENE changes to the Forum.

*Enter Brutus, and mounts the Rostra; Cassius, with the
Plebeians.*

Pleb. WE will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audi-
ence, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers:

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those, that will follow *Cassius*, go with him;

And publick reasons shall be rendered

Of *Cæsar's* death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their reasons,
When sev'rally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians.*]

3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans,

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of *Cæsar's*, to him I say, that *Brutus's* love to *Cæsar* was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a *Roman*? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak; for him have I offended—I pause for a reply——

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.——I have done no more to *Cæsar*, than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is inroll'd in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*; I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live! live!

VOL. VII.

C

I *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors,

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar*'s better parts
Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæsar*'s corps, and grace his speech
Tending to *Cæsar*'s glories; which *Mark Antony*
By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke. [Exit.

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick chair,
We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus*' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus*' sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;
We are blest, that *Rome* is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle *Romans*——

All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with *Cæsar*! noble *Brutus*
Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,

(For

(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
 So are they all, all honourable men)
 Come I to speak in *Cæsar*'s funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
 But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
 And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
 Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
 And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the *Lupercal*,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not, to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause:
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason—bear with me,
 My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings,
 If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse
 come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the
 crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*,

4 *Pleb.* Now, mark him, he begins to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might

Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong ;
Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong : I rather chuse
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you ;
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of *Cæsar*,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his Will ;
Let but the Commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsar*'s wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will ; we will hear *Cæsar*'s Will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;
It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men :
And, being men, hearing the will of *Cæsar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not, that you are his heirs ;
For if you should——O what would come of it ?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we will hear it, *Antony* ;
You shall read us the Will, *Cæsar*'s Will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? will you stay a while ?
(I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.)

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar*——I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors——honourable men !

All. The Will ! the Testament !

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers ; the Will !
read the Will !

Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will ?

Then

Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,
And let me shew you him, that made the Will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*—most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back—room—bear back—

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember,
The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the *Nervii*—
Look! in this place, ran *Cassius'* dagger through;—
See, what a rent the envious *Casca* made,—
Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
Mark, how the blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no?
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar's* angel.
Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him.
This, this, was the unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of *Pompey's* statue,
(Which all the while ran blood,) great *Cæsar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my countymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down:
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our *Cæsar's* vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar*!

3 *Pleb.* O woeful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about—
seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not a traitor
live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen—

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him—

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny:

They, that have done this deed, are honourable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it: they are wise and honourable;

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as *Brutus* is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well,

That give me publick leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Shew you sweet *Cæsar*'s wounds, poor, poor, dumb
mouths!

And bid them speak for me. But were I *Brutus*,

And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move

The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny—

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho, hear *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

Ant.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the Will, I told you of.

All. Most true—the Will—let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsar*'s seal.
To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,
To ev'ry sev'ral man, sev'nty-five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble *Cæsar*! we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæsar*!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On that side *Tiber*; he hath left them you, (13)
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a *Cæsar*, when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

(13) *On this side Tiber:*] The Scene is here in the *Forum* near the *Capitol*, and in the most frequented Part of the City; but *Cæsar*'s Gardens were very remote from that Quarter.

Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsaris hortos.

says *Horace*: And both the *Naumachia* and *Gardens* of *Cæsar* were separated from the main City by the River; and lay out wide, on a Line with Mount *Janiculum*. Our Author therefore certainly wrote;

On that side Tiber;—

And *Plutarch*, whom *Shakespeare* very diligently studied, in the Life of *Marcus Brutus*, speaking of *Cæsar*'s Will, expressly says, That he left to the Publick his Gardens, and Walks, beyond the *Tiber*.

Ant. Now let it work; mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar's* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of *Rome*.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy;
I have no will to wander forth of doors:
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man, directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where
do I dwell? am I a married man, or a bachelor? then
to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and
truly; wisely, I say—I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that
marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear; proceed
directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæsar's* funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin.

Cin. As a friend,

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling ; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna* ; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him ; come, brands, ho, fire-brands :

To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius*'s house, And some to *Casca*'s, some to *Ligarius* : away, go.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV.

SCENE, *a small Island near Mutina.* (14)

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

A N T O N Y.

THESE many then shall die, their names are prick't.

Octa. Your brother too must die ; consent you, *Lepidus* ?

Lep. I do consent.

(14) SCENE, *a small Island.*] Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Pope after him, have mark'd the Scene here to be at *Rome*. The old Copies say nothing of the Place. *Shakespeare*, I dare say, knew from *Plutarch*, that these *Triumvirs* met, upon the *Proscription*, in a little Island : which *Appian*, who is more particular, says, lay near *Mutina* upon the River *Lavinius*.

Octa. Prick him down, *Antony*.

Lep. Upon condition, *Publius* shall not live;
Who is your sister's son, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar's* house;
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable, man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octa. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads;
He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Octa. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant foldier.

Ant. So is my horse, *Octavius*: and, for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds (15)

On

(15) *A barren-spirited Fellow, one that feeds*

On Objects, Arts, and Imitations, &c.

'Tis hard to conceive, why he should be called a barren-spirited
Fellow, that could feed either on *Objects*, or *Arts*: that is, as I
presume,

On abject orts, and imitations ;
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
 Listen great things——*Brutus* and *Cassius*
 Are levying powers ; we must straight make head.
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd ;
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretcht out ;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answered.

Octa. Let us do so ; for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies ;
 And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.]

SCENE before Brutus's Tent, in the Camp
 near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers : Titinius
 and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand !

Bru. What now, *Lucilius* ? is *Cassius* near ?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
 To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, *Pindarus*,
 In his own change, or by ill officers,
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done, undone ; but if he be at hand,
 I shall be satisfy'd.

presume, form his Ideas and Judgment upon them : *stale* and *obsolete*
Imitation, indeed, fixes such a Character. I am persuaded, to make
 the Poet consonant to himself, we must read, as I have restored the
 Text.

On abject Orts,——

i. e. on the Scraps and Fragments of Things rejected and despised by
 others.

Pin.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear,
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius*——
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With curtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain, and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*. [Low march within.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. *Brutus*, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them——

Bru. *Cassius*, be content,
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,

(Which

(Which should perceive nothing, but love, from us)
 Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
 Then in my tent, *Cassius*, enlarge your griefs,
 And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
 Bid our commanders lead their charges off
 A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
 Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
 Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard the door. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Inside of Brutus's Tent.

Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. **T**Hat you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
 You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
 For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
 Wherein, my letter (praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man,) was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
 That ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, *Cassius*, you yourself
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
 To sell, and mart your offices for gold,
 To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
 You know, that you are *Brutus*, that speak this;
 Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* honours this corruption,
 And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement! ———

Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember!
 Did not great *Julius* bleed for justice sake?
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice? what, shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 But for supporting robbers; shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?

And

And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a *Roman*.

Cas. *Brutus*, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to: you are not *Cassius*.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, flight man!

Cas. Is't possible?—

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret, 'till your proud heart
break;

Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? by the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you: For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, *Brutus*;
I said, an elder soldier; not a better.
Did I say better?—

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not! ———

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that, I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that, you should be sorry for,
There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By heav'n, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachma's, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me; was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back. ——— *Brutus* hath riv'd my
heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cas. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come;
Revenge yourselves alone on *Cassius*,

For

For *Cassius* is a weary of the world ;
 Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd ;
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast—within, a heart
 Dearer than *Plutus'* mine, richer than gold ;
 If that thou be'st a *Roman*, take it forth.
 I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart ;
 Strike as thou 'didst at *Cæsar* ; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your dagger ;
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a lamb,
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
 Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
 To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [Embracing.

Cas. O *Brutus* !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
 Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, *Cassius*, and from henceforth
 When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
 He'll think, your mother chides, and leave you so.

[A noise within.

Poet within. Let me go in to see the Generals ;
 There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
 They be alone.

Luc. within. You shall not come to them.

Poet within. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha——how vilely doth this cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, firrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time;
What should the wars do with these jingling fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, begone.

[Exit Poet.]

Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us. *[Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.]*

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better——*Porcia's* dead.

Cas. Ha! *Porcia!*——

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themselves so strong: (for with her death
That tydings came) with this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her : give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius*. [Drinks.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er swell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus*' love.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius* ;—welcome, good *Messala*.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Oh *Porcia* ! art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.——

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi*.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition ?

Mes. That by Proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of sev'nty Senators that dy'd
By their Proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cas. *Cicero* one ? ——

Mes. *Cicero* is dead ; and by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord ?

Bru. No, *Messala*.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, *Messala*.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you ? hear you aught of her in yours ?

Mes. No, my Lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell ;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru.

Bru. Why, farewell, *Porcia*—we must die, *Messala*.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Ev'n so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother——

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe;
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now a-float:
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on: we will along
Ourselves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say.

Cas. No more; good night;————
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius*, my gown; farewell, good *Messala*,
Good-night, *Titinius*: noble, noble *Cassius*,
Good-night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls;
Let it not, *Brutus*!

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Mes. Good-night, Lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farewel, every one.

[*Exeunt.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here, in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius*, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. *Varro*, and *Claudius*!——

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my Lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by,
On business to my brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good Sirs:
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look,

Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure, your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument, a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again:
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[*Musick and a Song.*

This is a sleepy tune——O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee musick? gentle knave, good night.
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
But let me see—is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!——ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition!——
It comes upon me——Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hare to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, *Brutus*.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Bru. Then, I shall see thee again.——

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi*.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Bru.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then.——
 Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest :
 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy ! Lucius ! Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs ! awake !
Caudius !

Luc. The strings, my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he is still at his instrument.

Lucius ! awake.

Luc. My Lord!——

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so criedst out ?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst ; didst thou see any thing ?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius* ; firrah, *Claudius*, fellow !

Varro ! awake. (16)

Var. My Lord !

Clau. My Lord !

Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your sleep ?

Both. Did we, my Lord ?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing ?

Var. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Cassius* ;
 Bid him set on his Pow'rs betimes before,
 And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

(16) Thou! awake.] The Accent is so unmusical and harsh, 'tis impossible, the Poet could begin his Verse thus. *Brutus*, certainly, was intended to speak to both his other Men; who both awake, and answer, at an instant. Mr. Warburton.





A C T V.

SCENE, *the Fields of Philippi, with the two Camps.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

OCTAVIUS.

NOW, *Antony*, our hopes are answered.
 You said, the enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions;
 It proves not so; their battles are at hand,
 They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
 Answering, before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it; they could be content
 To visit other places, and come down
 With fearful bravery; thinking, by this face,
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, Generals;
 The enemy comes on in gallant shew;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Ant. *Octavius*, lead your battle softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Octa. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Dru .

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, *Titinius*, we must out and talk.

Octa. *Mark Antony*, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, *Cæsar*, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

Octa. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, *Octavius*.

Ant. In your bad strokes, *Brutus*, you give good words.
Witness the hole you made in *Cæsar's* heart,
Crying, "long live! hail, *Cæsar*!"

Cas. *Antony*,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* bees,
And leave them honeylefs.

Ant. Not stinglefs too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too:
For you have stol'n their buzzing, *Antony*;
And very wisely threat, before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of *Cæsar*.
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bond-men, kissing *Cæsar's* feet;
Whilst damned *Casca*, like a cur behind,
Struck *Cæsar* on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! now *Brutus*, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you, that the sword goes up again?
Never, 'till *Cæsar's* three and twenty wounds (17)

Be

(17) *Three and thirty wounds.*] Thus all the Editions implicitly;
but I have ventured to reduce this Number to *three and twenty*
from

Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæsar*
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. *Cæsar*, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on *Brutus*' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* still!——

Octa. Come, *Antony*, away;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exe. Octavius, Antony, and army.*]

Cas. Why, now blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. *Lucilius*,——hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

Luc. My Lord. [Brutus speaks apart to *Lucilius*.]

Cas. *Messala*.

Mes. What says my General?

Cas. *Messala*,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala*;
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind;
And partly credit things, that do presage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremost ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to *Philippi* here conformed us:

from the joint Authorities of *Appian*, *Plutarch*, and *Sætonius*: and,
I am persuaded, the Error was not from the Poet but his Trans-
scribers.

This morning are they fled away and gone,
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads; and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all peril very constantly.

Bru. Even so, *Lucilius*.

Cas. Now, most noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since th' affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
Which he did give himself; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life; arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of *Rome*?

Bru. No, *Cassius*, no; think not, thou noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of *March* begun;
And, whether we shall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Cassius*!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Brutus*!

If

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end;
And then the end is known. Come, ho, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarm. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Messala*; ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions, on the other side. [*Loud alarm.*]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavius*' wing;
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Messala*; let them all come down. [*Exe.*]

Alarm. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on *Octavius*,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my Lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my Lord;
Fly therefore, noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cas. *Titinius*, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My fight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
This day I breathed first; time is come round;
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run its compass. Now, what news?

Pind. above. Oh, my Lord!

Cas. What news?

Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him;
Titinius! now some 'light—oh, he 'lights too—
He's ta'en—and hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cas. Come down, behold no more;
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, firrah;
In *Parthia* did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come, now keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through *Cæsar's* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword——*Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the sword that kill'd thee—— [*Kills himself.*

Pind. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. Oh, *Cassius!*
Far from this country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Mes. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus'* power,
As *Cassius'* legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit.

Tit. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, *Messala*;

But *Cassius* is no more! Oh, setting sun!

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,

So in his red blood *Cassius*' day is set;

The sun of *Rome* is set! our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done;

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

Oh hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, *Pindarus*? where art thou, *Pindarus*?

Mes. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilst I go to meet

The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report

Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,

As tydings of this sight.

Tit. Hie, you *Messala*,

And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while. [Exit *Mes.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*!

Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstru'd ev'ry thing.

But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.

Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee; and I

Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace;

And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.

By your leave, Gods—This is a *Roman*'s part.

[Stabs himself.

Come, *Cassius*' sword, and find *Titinius*' heart. [Dies.

Alarm. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato,
Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius* face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [Low alarms.

Cato. Brave *Titinius*!

Look, if he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*! ———

Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?
Thou last of all the *Romans*! fare thee well;
It is impossible, that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time——
Come, therefore, (18) and to *Thassos* send his body:
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. *Lucilius*, come;
And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field.
Labeo, and *Flavius*, set our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

Alarm. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius,
and Flavius.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not? who will go with me?

(18) ——— and to *Tharfus* send his Body,] Thus all the Editions hitherto, very ignorantly. But the whole Tenor of History warrants us to write, as I have restored the Text, *Thassos*.—— *Tharfos* was a Town of *Cilicia*, in *Asia Minor*: and is it probable, *Brutus* could think of sending *Cassius*'s Body thither out of *Thrace*, where they were now incamp'd? *Thassos*, on the contrary, was a little Isle lying close upon *Thrace*, and at but a small Distance from *Philippi*, to which the Body might very commodiously be transported. *Vid.* *Plutarch*, *Appian*, *Dion Cassius*, &c.

I will

I will proclaim my name about the field.
 I am the son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.
 I am the son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for *Brutus*.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
 Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as *Titinius*;
 And, may'st be honour'd, being *Cato's* son.

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die;
 There is so much, that thou wilt kill me strait;
 Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news, here comes the General:
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, *Antony*; *Brutus* is safe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:

The Gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him or alive, or dead,

He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness. I had rather have

Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,

And see if *Brutus* be alive or dead;

And bring us word unto *Octavius'* tent,

How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to another part of the Field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and
Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. *Statilius* shew'd the torch-light, but, my Lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus*——

Cli. What I, my Lord? no, not for all the world. [Whispering.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius*!

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. Oh, *Dardanius*!

Dar. Oh, *Clitus*!

Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*: look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*; list a word.

Vol. What says my Lord?

Bru. Why, this, *Volumnius*;

The ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night; at *Sardis*, once;

And, this last night, here in *Philippi*' fields.

I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou see'st the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry, 'till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,

Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;

Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,

Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol.

Vol. That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord.

[*Alarm still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius*.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
 (19) Farewel to thee too, *Strato* — Countrymen,
 My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall have Glory by this losing day,
 More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
 By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.
 So, fare you well at once; for *Brutus'* tongue
 Hath almost ended his life's history.
 Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarm. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly. —

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.
 I pr'ythee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord;
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in't.
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your hand first — fare you well,
 my Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato*; — *Cæsar*, now be still;
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

*Alarm. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala,
 Lucilius, and the Army.*

Octa. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. *Strato*, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala*;
 The Conqu'rors can but make a fire of him:

(19) Farewel to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen;] Thus has this Passage all along been absurdly pointed, to the Praise of our intelligent Editors. I had corrected it long ago; but am, notwithstanding, to make my Acknowledgment to an anonymous Gentleman, who, unknowingly concurr'd with me; and advis'd the Correction of the Pointing; as it is now reformed, by Letter.

For *Brutus* only overcame himself;
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found, I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius* saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Mes. How died my Lord, *Strato*?

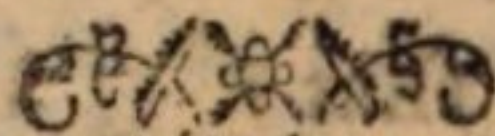
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest *Roman* of them all:
All the Conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great *Cæsar*:
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common Good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; "This was a Man!"

Octa. According to his virtue, let us use him;
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the Glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt omnes.*]





H. Gravelot in Vol. 7. P. 83.

G. V. Gucht Scul.

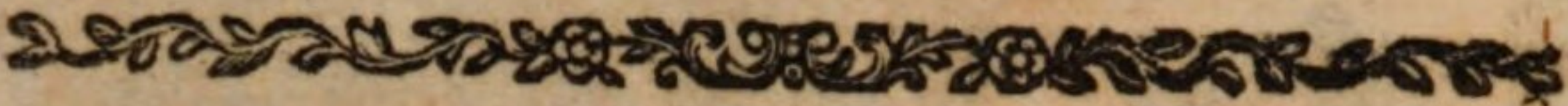


A N T O N Y,

A N D

C L E O P A T R A.





Dramatis Personæ.

M. ANTONY.

Octavius Cæsar.

Æmilius Lepidus.

Sex. Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus,

Ventidius,

Canidius,

Eros,

Scarus,

Dercetas,

Demetrius,

Philo,

Mecænas,

Agrippa,

Dolabella,

Proculeius,

Thyreus,

Gallus,

Menas,

Menecrates,

Varrus,

Silius, an Officer in Ventidius's Army.

Taurus, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.

Alexas,

Mardian,

Diomedes,

A Soothsayer.

Clown.

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.

Octavia, Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.

Charmian,

Iras,

Friends and Followers of Antony.

Friends to Cæsar.

Friends to Pompey.

Servants to Cleopatra.

Ladies attending on Cleopatra.

Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is dispers'd in several Parts of the Roman Empire.



ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *the Palace at Alexandria in*
Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

P H I L O.

AY, but this dotage of our General
N O'er-flows the measure; those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war,
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend,
now turn,

The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a Gypsy's lust. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, her Ladies in
the Train, Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd

Into

Into a Strumpet's fool. Behold, and see.

Cleo. If it be love, indeed, tell me, how much?

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good Lord, from Rome.

Ant. It grates me. Tell the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear it, *Antony*.

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or who knows,
If the scarce-bearded *Cæsar* have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
"Take in that Kingdom, and infranchise that;
"Perform't, or else we damn thee.—

Ant. How, my love?

Cleo. Perchance, (nay, and most like,)
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from *Cæsar*; therefore hear it, *Antony*.
Where's *Fulvia*'s Process? *Cæsar*'s? I'd say, both?
Call in the Messengers; as I'm *Ægypt*'s Queen,
Thou blushest, *Antony*; and that blood of thine
Is *Cæsar*'s homager: else, so thy cheeks pay shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The Messengers—

Ant. Let Rome in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch
Of the rais'd Empire fall! here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual Pair, [*Embracing*.
And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind
(On pain of punishment) the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?

I'll seem the fool, I am not. *Antony*

Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.

Now for the love of love, and his soft hours,

Let's

Let's not confound the time with conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: what sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fy, wrangling Queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep: whose every passion fully strives
To make itself in thee fair and admir'd.
No Messenger, but thine;—and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my Queen,
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt, with their Train.*]

Dem. Is *Cæsar* with *Antonius* priz'd so slight;

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with *Antony*.

Dem. I'm forry,
That he approves the common lyar, Fame,
Who speaks him thus at *Rome*; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exe.*]

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a
Soothsayer.

Char. *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*,
almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothsayer
that you prais'd so to th' Queen? (1) Oh! that I knew
this husband, which you say, must charge his horns
with garlands.

(1) *Oh, that I knew this Husband, which, you say, must charge his Horns with Garlands.* Changing Horns with Garlands, is, surely, a senseless, unintelligible, Phrase. We must restore, in Opposition, to all the printed Copies,

—— which you say, must charge his Horns with Garlands. i. e. must be an honourable Cuckold, must have his Horns hung with Garlands. *Charge* and *charge* frequently usurp each other's Place in our Author's old Editions, as I have occasionally observ'd in my Notes on other Passages. I ought to take Notice, that Mr. Warburton likewise started this Emendation.

Alex.

Alex. Soothfayer, —

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know things!

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! let me
be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow
them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom *He-*
rod of Jewry may do homage! find me, to marry me
with *Octavius Cæsar*, and companion me with my
mistress.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen, and proved, a fairer former
fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no
names;

Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. (2) If every of your wishes had a womb,
And

(2) *If every of your Wishes had a Womb,*
And foretold every Wish, a Million.] What foretold? If
the Wishes foretold themselves? This can never be genuine,
however

And fertil every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell *Iras* hers. —

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes to-night, shall be to go drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Ev'n as the o'erflowing *Nilus* presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild Bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? — give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am not I an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuse it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. (3) Our worser thoughts heav'ns mend! *Alexas*, — Come, *his* fortune; *his* fortune. — O, let him

however it has pass'd hitherto upon the Editors. It makes the Word *Womb* absolutely superfluous, if only the telling her Wishes beforehand would help her to the Children. The Poet certainly wrote,

*If every of your Wishes had a Womb,
And fertil ev'ry Wish, —*

(3) *Char.* Our worser Thoughts Heav'ns mend.

Alex. Come, *his* Fortune, *his* Fortune. O, let him marry a Woman, &c.] Whose Fortune does *Alexas* call out to have told? But, in short, this I dare pronounce to be so palpable and signal a Transposition, that I cannot but wonder it should have slipped the Observation of all the Editors: especially, of the Sagacious Mr. Pope, who has made this Declaration, *That if, throughout the Plays, had all the Speeches been printed without the very Names*

him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee; and let her die too, and give him a worse; and let worse follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! good *Isis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen, dear Goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear *Isis*, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen!

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Hush! here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. *Enobarbus*,—

of the Persons, he believes, one might have applied them with Certainty to every Speaker. But in how many Instances has Mr. Pope's Want of Judgment falsified this Opinion? The Fact is evidently this. *Alexas* brings a Fortune-teller to *Iras* and *Charmian*, and says himself, *We'll know all our Fortunes*. Well; the Soothsayer begins with the Women; and some Jokes pass upon the Subject of Husbands and Chastity: After which, the Women hoping for the Satisfaction of having something to laugh at in *Alexas's* Fortune, call to him to hold out his Hand, and wish heartily he may have the Prognostication of Cuckoldom upon him. The whole Speech, therefore, must be placed to *Charmian*. There needs no stronger Proof of this being a true Correction, than the Observation which *Alexas* immediately subjoins on their Wishes and Zeal to hear him abused.

Eno.

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's *Alexas*?

Alex. Here at your service; my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us.

[Exeunt.]

Mes. *Fulvia* thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother *Lucius*?

Mes. Ay, but soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst *Cæsar*;
Whose better issue in the war from *Italy*,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The nature of sad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward; on—
Things, that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in the tale lie death,
I hear, as if he flatter'd.

Mes. *Labiens* (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his *Parthian* force, extended *Asia*;
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner shook,
From *Syria* to *Lydia*, and *Ionia*;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say—

Mes. Oh, my Lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral tongue;
Name *Cleopatra* as she's call'd in *Rome*.
Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie still; and our ill, told us,
Is as our earing; fare thee well a while.

Mes. At your noble pleasure.

Ant. From *Sicyon*, how the news? speak there.

Mes. The man from *Sicyon*, is there such an one?

[Exit first Messenger.]

Attend.

Attend. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear ;
These strong *Egyptian* fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage. What are you ?

Enter another Messenger, with a Letter.

2 Mes. *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she ?

2 Mes. In *Sicyon*.

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me.— [Exit second Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone ! thus did I desire it.

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowring, does become

The opposite of itself ; she's good, being gone ;

The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting Queen break off.

'Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch. How now, *Enobarbus* ?

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir ?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women. We see,
how mortal an unkindness is to them ; if they suffer
our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die.
It were pity to cast them away for nothing ; though
between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd
nothing. *Cleopatra*, catching but the least noise of this,
dies instantly ; I have seen her die twenty times upon far
poorer moment : I do think, there is mettle in death,
which commits some loving act upon her ; she hath such
a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears: they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a show'r of rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. Oh, Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which, not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the Gods a thankful sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailor of the earth: comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat, and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business, she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business, you have broach'd here, cannot be without you; especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers: let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the Queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak t'us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in *Rome* Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius* Hath giv'n the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands The empire of the sea. Our slipp'ry people,

(Whose

94 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
'Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier; whose quality going on,
The sides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding;
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I'll do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See, where he is, who's with him, what he
does.——

I did not send you:—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing: if in mirth, report,
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest, like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so, too far. I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that, which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I'm sick, and fullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

[*Seeming to faint.*]

Ant.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen,——

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the marry'd woman? you may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you: hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know,——

Cleo. O, never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted,

Ant. *Cleopatra*,——

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you with swearing shake the throned Gods,
Who have been false to *Fulvia*? riotous madness,
To be entangled with these mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet Queen,——

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going, then;——
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heav'n. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest foldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How, now, lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know,
There were a heart in *Ægypt*.

Ant. Hear me, Queen;

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a-while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the port of *Rome*.
Equality of two domestick pow'rs
Breeds scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,
Are

Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd *Pompey*,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'n
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change. My more particular, (4)
 And that which most with you should salve my going,
 Is *Fulvia's* death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
 It does from childishness. Can *Fulvia* die ?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.
 Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
 The garboyls she awak'd ; at the last, best.
 See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love !
 Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
 With sorrowful water ? now I see, I see,
 In *Fulvia's* death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
 The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
 As you shall give th' advices. By the fire,

(4) ————— *My more particular,
 And that which most with you should save my Going,
 Is Fulvia's Death.*]

Thus all the more modern Editions : the first and second *Folio's* read, *safe* : All corruptedly. *Antony* is giving several Reasons to *Cleopatra*, which make his Departure from *Ægypt* absolutely necessary ; most of them, Reasons of State ; but the Death of *Fulvia*, his Wife, was a particular and private Call, which demanded his Presence in *Italy*. But the printed Copies would rather make us believe, that *Fulvia's* Death should prevent, or save him the Trouble of going. The Text, in this respect, I dare engage, runs counter to its Master's Meaning. *Cleopatra* is jealous of *Antony's* Absence ; and suspicious that he is seeking Colours for his Going. *Antony* replies to her Doubts, with the Reasons that obliged him to be absent for a Time ; and tells her, that, as his Wife *Fulvia* is dead, and so she has no Rival to be jealous of, that Circumstance should be his best Plea and Excuse, and have the greatest Weight with her for his going. Who does not see now, that it ought to be read as I have reform'd the Text ?

That

That quickens *Nilus*' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come;
But let it be, I'm quickly ill, and well,——
So, *Antony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me and say, the tears
Belong to *Ægypt*. Good now play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my sword——

Cleo. And target——Still he mends:
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word;
Sir, you and I must part; (but that's not it,)
Sir, you and I have lov'd; (but there's not it;
That you know well;) something it is, I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart;
As *Cleopatra*, this. But, Sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming's kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you! On your sword
Sit lawrell'd victory, and smooth success

Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go; come,
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, goest yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Cæsar's Palace in Rome.*

Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a letter, Lepidus, and attendants.

Cæs. YOU may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæsar's* natural vice to hate
One great competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manly
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*
More womanly than he. Hardly gave audience,
Or did vouchsafe to think that he had partners.
You shall there find a man, who is the abstract
Of all faults all men follow.

Lep. I must not think,
They're evils enough to darken all his goodness;
His faults in him seem (as the spots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackness;) hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuses.

Cæs. You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon; and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say, this becomes him;
(As his composure must be rare, indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish;) yet must *Antony*
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness;
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,

That

That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours; 'tis to be chid,
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble *Cæsar*, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at sea,
And, it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd *Cæsar*: to the ports
The discontents repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less;
It hath been taught us from the primal state, (5)
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacquying the varying tide, (6)
To rot itself with motion.

Mes.

(5) *It hath been taught us from the primal State,
That he, which is, was wish'd until he were:
And the ebb'd Man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth Love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd.]*

Let us examine the Sense of this in plain Prose. "The earliest
" Histories inform us, that the Man in supreme Command was
" always wished to gain that Command, till he had obtained it.
" And he, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low Con-
" dition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be
" fear'd by them". But do the Multitude fear a Man, because
they want him? Certainly, we must read;

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.

i. e. endeared, a Favourite to them. Besides, the Context requires
this Reading; for it was not Fear, but Love, that made the People
flock to Young *Pompey*, and that he occasioned this Reflection.

Mr. Warburton.

(6) *Goes to, and back, lashing the varying Tide,
To rot itself with Motion,*

Mes. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,
 Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
 With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
 They make in *Italy*, the borders maritime
 Lack blood to think on't, and flush'd youth revolt:
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
 Taken as seen: for *Pompey's* name strikes more,
 Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
 Leave thy lascivious wassails;—When thou once
 Wert beaten from *Mutina*, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and *Pansa* Consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against
 (Though daintily brought up) with patience more
 Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge:
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the *Alps*,
 It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on; and all this,
 (It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
 Was bore so like a soldier, that thy cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to *Rome*; time is it, that we twain

How can a Flag, or Rush, floating upon a Stream, and that has no Motion but what the Fluctuation of the Water gives it, be said to lash the Tide? This is making a Scourge of a weak ineffective Thing, and giving it an active Violence in its own Power. All the old Editions read *lacking*. It is true, there is no Sense in that Reading; but the Addition of a single Letter will not only give us good Sense, but the genuine Word of our Author into the Bargain.

———Lacquing the varying Tide.

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the Variation of the Tide, like a Page, or *Lacquey*, at his Master's Heels.

Did

Did shew ourselves i'th' field; and to that end
 Assemble we immediate council; *Pompey*
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, *Cæsar*,
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,
 To front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
 It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my Lord:
 What you shall know mean time of stirs abroad,
 I shall beseech you, let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.
 Farewel. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,——

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha——give me to drink *Mandagoras*.

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
 My *Antony* is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason.——

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch, *Mardian*,——

Mar. What's your Highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure
 In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
 That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
 May not fly forth of *Egypt*. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing
 But what indeed is honest to be done:
 Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
 What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*!

Where think'st thou he is now? stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
Oh happy horse, to bear the weight of *Antony*!
Do bravely, horse; for, wot'st thou, whom thou mov'st?
The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "where's my serpent of old *Nile*?"----
(For so he calls me;) Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with *Phæbus*' amorous pines black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of *Ægypt*, hail!

Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony*?
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony*?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen,
He kist the last of many doubled kisses,
This orient pearl.——His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* sends
'This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with Kingdoms. All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So, he nodded;
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke (7)
Was

(7) *Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke.
Was beastly dumb by him.]*

Alexas

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' th' year, between th' extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well-divided disposition!

Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him;

He was not sad, for he would shine on those

That make their looks by his: He was not merry,

Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay

In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.

Oh heav'nly mingle! be'st thou sad, or merry,

The violence of either thee becomes,

So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty several messengers.

Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day,

When I forget to send to *Antony*,

Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, *Charmian*.

Welcome, my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*,

Ever love *Cæsar* so?

Char. Oh, that brave *Cæsar*!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another emphasis!

Say, the brave *Antony*.

Char. The valiant *Cæsar*.

Cleo. By *Isis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,

If thou with *Cæsar* paragon again

My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

Cleo. My fallad days!

When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!

To say, as I said then,—But come away,

Alexas means, the Horse made such a neighing, that if he had

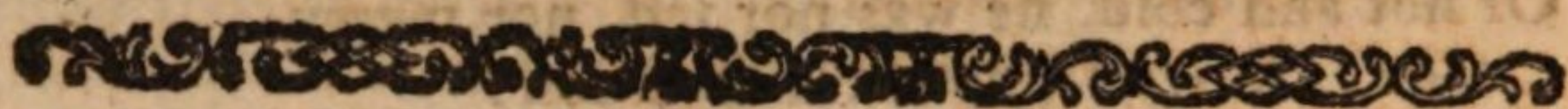
spoke, he could not have been heard. I suspect, the Poet wrote:

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

i. e. put to silence. It is very usual, as I have more than once

observ'd, with *Shakespeare*, to coin *Verbs* out of *Adjectives*.

Get me ink and paper ;
 He shall have every day several greetings, or I'll un-
 people *Ægypt*. [Exeunt.]



A C T II.

S C E N E, SICILY.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

P O M P E Y.

IF the great Gods be just, they shall assist
 The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
 That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pomp. While we are suitors to their Throne, decays
 The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
 Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
 By losing of our prayers.

Pomp. I shall do well :
 The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
 My pow'r's a crescent, and my auguring hope (8)
 Says, it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
 In *Ægypt* sits at dinner, and will make

(8) *My Powers are crescent, and my auguring Hope*
Says, it will come to th' full.]

Thus the Editors implicitly one after another, with very peculiar Indolence. If one might ask them a Question in Grammar, what does the Relative *it* belong to ? It cannot in *Sense* relate to *Hope*, nor in *Concord* to *Powers*. It is evident beyond a Doubt, that the Poet's Allusion is to the *Moon* : and that *Pompey* would say, he is yet but a half-Moon, or *Crescent* ; but his Hopes tell him, that *Crescent* will come to a *full Orb*. To this Effect, therefore, I have ventur'd to reform the Text.

No

No wars without doors. *Cæsar* gets money, where
He loses hearts; *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty strength they carry.

Pomp. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.

Pomp. He dreams; I know, they are in *Rome* together,
Looking for *Antony*: but all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty; lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a *Lethe'd* dullness—

Enter *Varrius*.

How now, *Varrius*?

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pomp. I could have given less matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think,
This am'rous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war; his soldiership
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear (9)
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt's* widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied *Antony*.

Men.

(9) -----But let us rear

The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt's* Widow pluck
The near lust-wearied *Antony*.]

Sextus Pompeius, upon hearing that *Antony* is every Hour expected in
Rome, does not much relish the News. He is twice the Soldier,
(says he,) that *Octavius* and *Lepidus* are; and I did not think,

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Antony* shall well greet together.
 His wife, who's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar*;
 His brother warr'd upon him, although I think,
 Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pomp. I know not, *Menas*,
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Were't not that we stand up against them all,
 'Twere pregnant, they should square between themselves;
 For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be't, as our Gods will have't! 'it only stands
 Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
 Come, *Menas*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to ROME.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. **G**OOD *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, t'entreat your
 Captain

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer, like himself; if *Cæsar* move him,
 Let *Antony* look over *Cæsar*'s head,

the petty War, which I am raising, would rouse him from his
 Amours in *Ægypt*.-----But why should *Pompey* hold a higher
 Opinion of his own Expedition, because it awak'd *Antony* to Arms,
 who was near weary, almost surfeited, of lascivious Pleasures? In-
 dolent and stupid Editors, that can dispense with Words without
 ever weighing the Reason of them! How easy is the Change to the
 true Reading!

The ne'er-lust wearied Antony.

If *Antony*, tho' never tired of Luxury, yet moved from that Charm,
 upon *Pompey*'s Stirring, it was a Reason for *Pompey* to pride himself
 upon being of such Consequence.

And

And speak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Antonio's* beard,
I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not, if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion;
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to *Partbia*.—
Hark, *Ventidius*.

Cæs. I do not know; *Mecænas*, ask *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well;
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus. [Flourish]

Cæs. Welcome to *Rome*.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so:
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laught at,

If,

If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i'th' world; More laught at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound
Your name it not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæsar*, what was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Ægypt*: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practise'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall. (10) Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theam'd for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business: my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did require it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you've not to make it with,)
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,

(10) -----Your Wife and Brother
Made Wars upon me, and their Contestation
Was theam for you, you were the Word of War.]

The only Meaning of this can be, that the War, which *Antony's*
Wife and Brother made upon *Cæsar*, was *Theam* for *Antony* too to
make War; or was the Occasion why he did make War. But
this is directly contrary to the Context, which shews, *Antony* did
neither encourage them to it, nor second them in it. We cannot
doubt then, but the Poet wrote;

-----and their Contestation
Was theam'd for you;

i. e. The Pretence of their War was on your Account, they took
up Arms in your Name, and you were made the Theam and Subject
of their Insurrection.

Mr. Warburton.

By

By laying defects of judgment to me : but
You patch up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so ;
I know you could not lack, (I'm certain on't,)
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would, you had her spirit in such another ;
The third o'th' world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy ; but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboiles, *Cæsar*,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet : For that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria*, you
Did pocket up my letters ; and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted : then
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning : but, next day,
I told him of myself ; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife : if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæsar*.——

Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him speak ;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing, that I lackt it ; but on, *Cæsar*,
The article of my oath——

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather :

And

110 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge ; as nearly as I may,
I'll play the Penitent to you. But mine honesty
Shall not make poor my Greatness ; nor my Power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye : to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the present Need
Speaks to attone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecænas*.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
instant, you may, when you hear no more words of
Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to wrangle
in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. (11) Thou art a Soldier only ; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this Presence, therefore speak no
more.

Eno. Go to then : your confederate stone.——

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech : for't cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world, I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæsar*.

(11) *Thou art a Soldier, only speak no more.*] I think, the Trans-
position of the *Comma* here is absolutely necessary, because the Re-
move will give a Sense which the Context seems to require. The
Argument betwixt *Antony* and *Cæsar* turns upon high Matters of
State ; and *Enobarbus* busily interposing with his blunt Reflections,
Antony checks him, and would say, “ Don't you pretend to mix
“ your Counsel in these Affairs, that are only a Soldier, and Ac-
“ tion all your Talent.

Cæs.

Cæs. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Agr. Thou hast a Sister by the Mother's side,
Admir'd *Octavia*! great *Mark Antony*
Is now a Widower.

Cæs. Say not so, *Agrippa*.

(12) If *Cleopatra* heard you, your Approof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, *Cæsar*, let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual Amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cæsar* speak?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears, how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in *Agrippa*
(If I would say, "*Agrippa*, be it so",)
To make this good?

(13) If *Cleopatra* heard You, your proof were
Well deserved of *Rashness*,] But was *Agrippa*'s barely saying,
that *Antony* was a Widower, any Proof that he was so? Besides,
will *Well deserved of Rashness* run, as the initial Part of a Verse, in
Mr. *Pope*'s Ear? If so, Emphasis and Cadence are tuned peculiarly,
to his Service. I make no Scruple to restore,

If *Cleopatra* heard You, your Approof
Were well deserv'd of *Rashness*.

I have in a former Note justified our Author's Usage of this Word
Approof, i. e. Allowance, admitting.

Cæs.

Cæs. The power of *Cæsar*, and
His power unto *Octavia*.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment! let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace: and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand:
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst *Pompey*,
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report:
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us must *Pompey* presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount *Misenum*.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together! haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.

Lep. Noble *Antony*, not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

Manent

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecænas*! my honourable friend, *Agrippa*!

Agr. Good *Enobarbus*!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested: you stay'd well by't in *Ægypt*.

Eno. Ay, Sir, we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there;—Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met *Mark Antony*, she purs'd up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agr. There she appear'd, indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you;
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with 'em; th' oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
The fancy out-work nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for *Antony*!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many mermaids, tended her i'th' eyes.

And

And made their bends adornings. At the helm,
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and *Antony*,
 Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
 And made a gap in nature,

Agr. Rare *Egyptian*!

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
 Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
 It should be better, he became her guest;
 Which she intreated. Our courteous *Antony*,
 Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
 And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great *Cæsar* lay his sword to bed;
 He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street:
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
 That she did make defect, perfection,
 And breathless power breathe forth.

Mec. Now *Antony* must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never, he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety: other women cloy
 The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
 Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
 Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
 Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. (13) If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 The

(13) If Beauty, Wisdom, Modesty, can settle

The Heart of Antony, Octavia is

A blessed Lottery to him.] Methinks, it is a very indifferent
 Compli-

The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A blest allott'ry to him.

Agr. Let us go.

Good *Enobarbus*, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [Exeunt.]

Enter *Antony*, *Cæsar*, *Octavia* between them.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule; good night, dear Lady.

Octa. Good night, Sir.

Cæs. Good night. [Exeunt *Cæsar* and *Octavia*.]

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah! do you wish yourself in *Ægypt*?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor
you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. (14) I see it in my Notion, have it not in my
Tongue; but yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

Compliment in *Mecænas* to call *Octavia* a Lottery, as if she might
turn up blank, as well as prove a Prize to *Antony*. Mr. Warburton
ingeniously conjectur'd, that the Poet wrote as I have reform'd the
Text: there being as much Difference between Lottery and Allottery,
as between a present Designation and a future Chance.

(14) I see it in my Motion, have it not in my tongue.] What Mo-
tion? I can trace no Sense in this Word here, unless the Author
were alluding to that Agitation of the Divinity, which Diviners pre-
tend to when the Fit of Foretelling is upon them; but then, I
think verily, he would have wrote, Emotion. I am persuaded,
Shakespeare meant that the Soothsayer should say, he saw a Reason
in his Thought or Opinion, though he gave that Thought or Opinion
no Utterance.

Ant.

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Ant. Say to me, whose fortune shall rise higher,
Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.—Therefore, oh *Antony*, stay not by
his side.

Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæsar's* is not. But, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; and therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.—
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou'rt sure to lose: and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy Spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him:
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventidius*, I would speak with him. [*Exit Sooth.*
He shall to *Parthia*;—be it art, or hap,
He hath spoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought: and his quails ever
Beat mine, in-hoop'd at odds. I will to *Ægypt*;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I th' east my pleasure lies. Oh, come, *Ventidius*.

Enter Ventidius.

You must to *Parthia*, your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receiv't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lepidus, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you, hasten
Your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony*
Will e'en but kiss *Octavia*, and we'll follow.

Lep.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your Soldiers' drefs,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good fuccess.

Lep. Farewel. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some mufick: mufick, moody food
Of us that trade in love —

Omnes. The mufick, hoa!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, *Charmian*.

Char. My arm is fore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleo. As well a woman with an Eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, tho't come too
short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river, there,
My mufick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fish; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And say, ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time! — ch times! —
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught

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I laught him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, (15) whilst
I wore his sword *Philippian*. Oh, from *Italy*;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy faithful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam! Madam! —

Cleo. *Antony's* dead? —

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kifs: a hand, that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, firrah, mark, we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold, I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:

But there's no goodness in thy face. If *Antony*

(15) ——— whilst

I wore his Sword Philippian.] We are not to suppose, nor
is there any Warrant from History, that *Antony* had any particular
Sword so call'd. The dignifying Weapons, in this Sort, is a Custom
of much more recent Date. This therefore seems a Compliment *a*
posteriori. We find *Antony* afterwards, in this Play, boasting of his
own Prowess at *Philippi*.

Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His Sword e'en like a Dancer, while I strook
The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*; &c.

That was the greatest Action of *Antony's* Life; and therefore this
seems a fine Piece of Flattery, intimating, that his Sword ought
to be denominated from that illustrious Battle, in the same manner
as modern Heroes in Romance are made to give their Swords pom-
pous Names.

Be

Be free and healthful ; why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings ? if not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mes. Will't please you hear me ?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st ;
Yet, if thou say *Antony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of Gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And friends with *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mes. *Cæsar*, and he, are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, Madam —

Cleo. I do not like *but yet* ; it does allay
The good precedence ; fy upon *but yet* ;
But yet is as a jaylor to bring forth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together : he's friends with *Cæsar*,
In state of health, thou say'st ; and thou say'st, free.

Mes. Free, Madam ! no : I made no such report.
He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turn ?

Mes. For the best turn i' th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian*.

Mes. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee !

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mes. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you ?

[*Strikes him.*]

Hence, horrible villain, or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head :

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mes.

Mes. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow, thou hadst,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a Dagger.*

Mes. Nay, then I'll run:
What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*

Char. Good Madam, keep yourself within yourself,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt—
Melt *Ægypt* into *Nile*; and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself: since I myself
Have given myself the cause. Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If you again say, *Yes*.

Mes. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mes. Should I lye, Madam?

Cleo. Oh, I would, thou didst;
So half my *Ægypt* were submerg'd, and made
A cistern

A cistern for scald'd snakes! go, get thee hence,
Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly: he is married?—

Mes. I crave your Highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?—

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence,
The merchandises, thou hast brought from *Rome*,
Are all too dear for me:
Lie they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!

[Exit *Mes.*

Char. Good your Highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising *Antony*, I have disprais'd *Cæsar*.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras*, *Charmian*—'tis no matter.—
Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly,—
Let him for ever go—let him not, *Charmian*;
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
Th' other way he's a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring word, how tall she is: pity me, *Charmian*,
But speak not to me. Lead me to my chamber. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Coast of Italy, near
Misenum.

Enter Pompey and Menas, at one door, with drum and
trumpet: At another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Eno-
barbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.

Pomp. **Y**our hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent ;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pomp. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends ; since *Julius Cæsar*,
(Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghosted,)
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire ? and what
Made thee, all honour'd, honest *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man, but a man ? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy : At whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despightful *Rome*
Cast on my noble Father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea. At land, thou know'st,
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pomp. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house.
But since the cuckow builds not for himself,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pomp. You've made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia* ; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates ; then to send

Measures

Measures of wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pomp. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But *Mark Antony*
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When *Cæsar* and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pomp. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds o'th' East are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:
For I've gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pomp. Well, I know not,
What counts hard fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom she shall never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pomp. I hope so, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pomp. We'll feast each other, ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That I will, *Pompey*.

Pomp. No, *Antony*, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard, that *Julius Cæsar*
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pomp. Then so much have I heard.

And I have heard, *Apollodorus* carried——

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pomp. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain Queen to *Cæsar* in a mattress.

Pomp. I know thee now, how far'ft thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pomp. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my Galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Enob. and Menas.*]

Men. Thy father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made
this treaty.

You and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me, though
it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land-service; but give me
your hand, *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they
might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno.

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.

Men. No slander——they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Eno. *Cæsar's* sister is called *Octavia*.

Men. True, Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Eno. But now she is the wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæsar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band, that seems to tie the friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so: which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Ægyptian* dish again; then shall the sighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæsar*, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will use his affection where it is: He married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in *Ægypt*.

Men. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, on Board Pompey's Galley.

Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 *Serv.* **H**ere they'll be, man: some o' their plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no service, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the cheeks.

Trumpets. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mæcenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nile By certain scale i'th' pyramid; they know, By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth, Or foizen, follow. The higher *Nilus* swells, The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsmen Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your serpent of *Ægypt* is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so,

Pomp. Sirrah, some wine! a health to *Lepidus*.

Lep.

Lep. I am not so as I should be:
But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be
in, 'till them.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptolomey's* Py-
ramis is are very goodly things; without contradiction,
I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pomp. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, Captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me, 'till anon. [*Whispers.*
This wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir, like itself; and it is as broad
as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and
moves with its own organs. It lives by that which
nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it trans-
migrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that *Pompey* gives him, else he
is a very epicure.

Pomp. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pomp. I think, thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: what's
else to say? be jolly, Lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, 'fore you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pomp. What say'st thou?

Men. Wil't thou be Lord of the whole world? that's
twice.

Pomp. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pomp. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*:
What e'er the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

Men. These three World-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable:
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pomp. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, 't had been good service: thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it: repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Bear him ashore, I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pomp. Fill 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, *Menas*.——

[Pointing to *Lepidus*.]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man!
see'st not.

Men. The third part then is drunk; 'would, it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou, encrease the reels.

Men. Come.

Pomp.

Pomp. This is not an *Alexandrian* feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it; strike the vessels, ho.
Here is to *Cæsar*.

Cæs. I could well forbear it;
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'th' time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather
Fast from all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor, shall we dance now
the *Ægyptian* bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

Pomp. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense
In soft and delicate *Lethe*.

Eno. All take hands:

Make battery to our ears with the loud musick,
The while I'll place you; then the boy shall sing:
(16) The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volly.

[*Musick plays.* Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The S O N G.

*Come, thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne,
In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!
Cup us, 'till the world go round;
Cup us, 'till the world go round.*

(16) *The Holding ev'ry Man shall bear, as loud,*

As his strong Sides can volly.] A Boy is designed here to
sing a Song, and all the Company are to join in the Burden,
which the Poet stiles, the Holding. But how were they to *beat*
this with their *Sides*? If they were, at a certain Part of the Tune,
either to have clapped their Hands, or stamped with their Feet, I
should have understood this as *Beating*. I am persuaded, the Poet
wrote:

*The Holding ev'ry Man shall bear, as loud
As his strong Sides can volly.*

The Breast and *Sides* are immediately concerned in straining to sing
as loud and forcibly as a Man can.

Cæs. What would you more? *Pompey*, good night.

Good brother,
Let me request you off; our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong *Enobarbus*
Is weaker than the wind; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antickt us all. What needs more words? good night.
Good *Antony*, your hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, Sir; give's your hand.

Pomp. Oh, *Antony*, you have my father's house.
But, what! we're friends; come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas*.

Men. I'll not on shore.

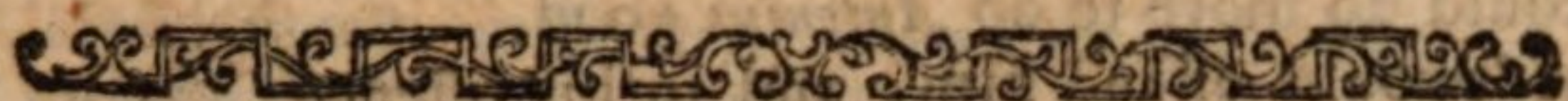
No, to my cabin——these drums!
These trumpets, flutes! what!
Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, sound out.

[*Sound a flourish, with drums.*]

Eno. Hoo, says 'a! there's my cap.

Men. Hoa!——noble captain, come. [Exeunt.]





A C T III.

SCENE, a Camp in a Part of Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as after Conquest; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him, Silius, Roman Soldiers, and Attendants.

V E N T I D I U S.

NOW, darting *Parthia*, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus'* death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body
Before our host; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Sil. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilst yet with *Parthian* blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive *Parthians* follow: spur through *Media*,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand captain *Antony*
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,
I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we serve, 's away.
Cæsar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their officer, than person. *Sossius*,
One of my place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i'th' wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
(The soldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.

I could

I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, *Ventidius*, that, without the which
A soldier and his sword grants scarce distinction:
Thou wilt write to *Antony*?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of *Parthia*
We've jaded out o'th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to *Athens*; with what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there;——pass along.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Rome.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. **W**Hat, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with *Pompey*,
he is gone.

The other three are fealing. *Octavia* weeps,
To part from *Rome*: *Cæsar* is sad: and *Lepidus*,
Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cæsar*!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony*!

Eno. *Cæsar*? why, he's the *Jupiter* of men.

Agr. What's *Antony*, the God of *Jupiter*?

Eno. Speak you of *Cæsar*? oh! the non-pareil!

Agr. Oh *Antony*, oh thou *Arabian* bird!

Eno. Would you praise *Cæsar*, say,——*Cæsar*; go no
further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Antony*:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!
His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæsar*,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder——

Arg. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle; so—
This is to horse; adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [*Trumpets.*]

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, Sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself:
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and my farthest bond
Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set (17)
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I've said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear; so the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* serve your ends!

(17) *Let not the Piece of Virtue; which is set
Betwixt us, as the Cement of our Love,
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortune of it——]*

There is no Consonance of Metaphor preserved in the Close of this Sentence; *Love* is here presented under the Image of a *Fabrick*; and *Cement*, *builded*, and the *Ram to batter*, have all an Agreement with this Image: but what Analogy is there to this, in the Word *Fortune*? Or what Idea can the *Fortune* of a *Building* furnish? I corrected some years ago, in Print, by Conjecture, *Fortress*: and, to my Satisfaction, so soon as I was Master of the first Folio Edition, upon consulting it, I found, I had struck out the true Reading.

We

We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!

Ant. The *April's* in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on; be chearful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What *Octavia*.

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæsar* weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, *Enobarbus*?

When *Antony* found *Julius Cæsar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe't, 'till I wept too. (18)

Cæs. No, sweet *Octavia*,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

18) *Believe't, till I weep too.*] I have ventured to alter the Tense of the Verb here, against the Authority of all the Copies. There was no Sense in it, I think, as it stood before. *Enobarbus* would say, "Indeed, *Antony* seemed very free of his Tears that Year; and believe me, bewailed all the Mischiefs he did, till "I myself wept too." This appears to me very sarcastical. *Antony's* Tears, he would infer, were dissembled: but *Enobarbus* wept in real Compassion of the Havock and Slaughters committed on his Countrymen.

Ant.

Ant. Come, Sir, come,
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Cæs. Adieu, be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewel, farewel!

[*Kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewel!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. **W**Here is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to; come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majesty!

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod's* head
I'll have; but how? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it:—Come thou near.

Mes. Most gracious Majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mes. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. In *Rome*, Madam.

I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and *Mark Antony*.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speak, she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? oh *Isis*! 'tis impossible.

Cleo.

Cleo. I think so, *Charmian*; dull of tongue and dwarfish.

What Majesty is in her gait? remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on Majesty.

Mes. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one:
She shews a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mes. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in *Ægypt*
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceiv't; there's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mes. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark!

Mes. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long, or round?

Mes. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For th' most part too,
They're foolish that are so. Her hair, what colour?

Mes. Brown, Madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so; I repent me much,
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some Majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen Majesty? *Isis* else defend!

And

And serving you so long?

Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good

Charmian:

But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write: all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Athens.*

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. **N**AY, nay, *Octavia*, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands
more

Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst *Pompey*; made his will and read it
To publick ear; spoke scantily of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was giv'n him, he not took't, (19)
Or did it from his teeth.

Octav. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: the good Gods will mock me,
When I shall pray, "oh, blefs my Lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"Oh, blefs my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extreams at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours,

(19) *When the best Hint was giv'n him, he o'erlook'd,
Or did it from his Teeth]*

The first Folio reads, *not look'd.* Dr. *Thirlby* advised the Emendation
which I have inserted in the Text.

Than

That yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between's; the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war, (20)
Shall strain your brother; make your soonest haste;
So, your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my Lord.

The *Jove* of Power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! wars 'twixt you 'twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should folder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Chuse your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.]

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

Eno. How now, friend *Eros*?

(20) ———— *The mean time Lady,*
I'll raise the Preparation of a War,
Shall stain your Brother;

Thus the printed Copies unanimously. But, sure, *Antony*, whose
Business here is to mollify *Octavia*, does it with a very ill Grace:
and 'tis a very odd way of satisfying her, to tell her, the War, he
raises, shall stain, i. e. cast an Odium upon her Brother. I have
no doubt, but we must read, with the Addition only of a single
Letter,

Shall strain your Brother. —

i. e. Shall lay him under Constraints; shall put him to such Shifts,
that he shall neither be able to make a Progress against, or to pre-
judice, me. And this Emendation is precisely consonant to what
Plutarch says; that *Octavius*, understanding the sudden and wonder-
ful Preparations of *Antony*, was not a little astonish'd at it; for he
himself was in many Wants; and the People were sorely oppress'd
with the great and grievous exactions of Money. For every Person
of Condition was oblig'd to furnish the fourth part of his Goods and
Revenues; and the very *Libertines* (i. e. those, whose Fathers had
once been Bondmen, and were enfranchis'd) were taxed an eighth
part of all their Goods to be rais'd at one Payment.

Eros.

Eros. There's strange news, come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* have made war upon *Pompey*.

Eno. This is old; what is the success?

Eros. *Cæsar*, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst *Pompey*, presently denied him rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Upon his own appeal, seizes him; so the poor Third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou hadst a pair of chaps, no more, and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's *Antony*?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and spurns The rush that lies before him. Cries, "fool *Lepidus*!" And threats the throat of that his Officer, That murder'd *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæsar*; more, *Domitius*, My Lord desires you presently; my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught; but let it be; bring me to *Antony*.

Eros. Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Palace in Rome.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas.

Cæs. **C**ontemning *Rome*, he has done all this, and more,
In *Alexandria*; here's the manner of it:
I' th' market-place on a Tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet, sat
Cæsario, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Absolute Queen.

Mec.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I' th' common shew-place, where they exercise.
His sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings;
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: she
In the habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. *Cæsar*; and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some Shipping unrestor'd. Lastly, he frets,
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and his messenger gone:
I told him, *Lepidus* was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his Change. For what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll ne'er yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must he then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with Attendants.

Octa. Hail, *Cæsar*, and my Lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee cast-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why hast thou stol'n upon us thus? you come not
Like

Like *Cæsar's* sister; the wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops; but you are come (21)
A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The ostent of our love; which, left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My Lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted, (22)

Being

(21) -----but you are come

A Market-maid to Rome; and have prevented

The Ostentation of our Love, which left unshewn,]

This dragging, inharmonious *Alexandrine*, I am persuaded, is the
Manufacture of our Player-Editors. They loved a sounding Word;
and seeing one that did not so fully answer that End, and one
that they, perhaps, were not immediately acquainted with, they,
doubtless, took it for an Abbreviation. I dare say, the Poet
wrote;

The Ostent of our Love, which, left unshewn,

i. e. the Shewing, Token, Demonstration, of our Love: and he
uses it both in these Acceptations, and likewise to signify Ostenta-
tion. The *Alexandrine* therefore is wholly unnecessary.

(22) -----Which soon he granted,

Being an Abstract 'tween his Lust and him.]

Antony very soon complied to let *Octavia* go, at her Request, says
Cæsar; and why? Because she was an *abstract* between his inordi-
nate Passion and him. If Mr. *Pope*, or any other of the Editors
understand this, I'll willingly submit to be taught the Meaning;
but till then, I must believe, the Poet wrote;

Being

Being an Obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my Lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind:
Where is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in *Athens*.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The Kings o' th' earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus the King of *Libya*, *Archelaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adullas*,
King *Malchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a more larger list of scepters.

Octa. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
'Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger; cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to Destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods, (23)
To

Being an Obstruct 'tween his Lust and him.

i. e. His Wife being an Obstruction, a Bar, to the Prosecution of
his wanton Pleasures with *Cleopatra*. And I am the rather con-
vinc'd that this is the true Reading, because Mr. *Warburton* started
the Emendation too, unknowing that I had meddled with the
Passage.

(23) ———— and the high Gods,
To do you justice, make his Ministers
Of Us, and those that love you,]

Why

To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam.

Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noses it against us.

Octa. Is it so, Sir?

Cæs. It is most certain: sister, welcome; pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I Will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? why should not
we be there in person?

Eno. Well, I could reply; if we should serve with
horse and mares together, the horse were merely lost;
the mares would bear a soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle *Antony*;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*,

Why must *Shakespeare* be guilty of such an obvious false Concord?
the high Gods make his Ministers? He has not writ thus in a
parallel Passage; and therefore the Absurdity ought to be laid to
the Editors.

———— Macbeth

*Is ripe for shaking, and the Pow'rs above
Put on their Instruments.*

Macbeth.
That

That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' th' war;
And, as the president of my Kingdom, will I
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done: here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundisium*,
He could so quickly cut th' *Ionian* sea,
And take in *Toryne*? You have heard on't, Sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men
To taunt at slackness. *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea, what else?

Can. Why will my Lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my Lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pharsalia*,
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress. In *Cæsar's* fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought;
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen: leave unexecuted

Your

Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, *Cæsar* none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of *Actium*
Beat the approaching *Cæsar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mes. The news is true, my Lord; he is descry'd;
Cæsar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible.
Strange, that his power should be so. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship;
Away, my *Thetis*!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by sea,
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? let the *Ægyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exeunt Ant. Cleo. and Enob.*

Sold. By *Hercules*, I think, I am i'th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Justeius*,
Publicola, and *Cælius*, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of *Cæsar's*
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in *Rome*,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one *Taurus*.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Canidius*.

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throes forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cæsar, with his army marching.

Cæs. *Taurus*?

Taur. My Lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not
battle,

'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroul: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o'th' hill,
In eye of *Cæsar*'s battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

*Canidius, marching with his land-army one way over the
stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other
way: after their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-
fight. Alarm. Enter Enobarbus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no
longer;

Th' *Antonias*, the *Ægyptian* admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and Goddesses,

All

All the whole Synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kifs'd away
Kingdoms and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Your ribauld nag of *Ægypt*,
(Whom leprosy o'er-take!) i'th' midst o'th' fight,
(When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;) *The*
The breeze upon her, like a cow in *June*,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the fight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft,
The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,
Claps on his sea-wing, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
Oh, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then, good night,
indeed.

Can. Toward *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't.

And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To *Cæsar* will I render
My legions and my horse; fix Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

Enter Antony, with Eros and other Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I've a ship
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treasure's in the harbour. Take it—oh,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness; take the hint,
Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left,
Which leave themselves. To the sea-side straight-way:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now——
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I've lost command.
Therefore, I pray you——I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*]

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras, to Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do? why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down; oh *Juno*!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir!

Ant. Oh fy, fy, fy.

Char. Madam——

Iras.

Iras. Madam, oh good Empress!

Eros. Sir, Sir.

Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I strook
The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*; and 'twas I,
That the mad *Brutus* ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war; yet now—no matter—

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen—

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me; oh!

Eros. Most noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving—

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither hast thou led me, *Ægypt*? see,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes;
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearful fails; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. *Ægypt*, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' string,
And thou shouldst towe me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shift of lowness; who,
With half the bulk o'th' world, play'd as I pleas'd.
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would

Obeys it on all cause.

Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss,
Even this repays me. —

We sent our schoolmaster; is he come back?
Love, I am full of lead; some wine,
Within there, and our viands: Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Cæs. **L**ET him appear, that's come from *Antony*.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster;
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt*; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues,
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth,
A private man in *Athens*: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For *Antony*,
I have no ears to his request. The Queen

Of

Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From *Ægypt* drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands: [*Exit Ambassador.*
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time; dispatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, promise; [*To Thyreus.*
And, in our name, when she requires, add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, *Thyreus*;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. *Cæsar*, I go.

Cæs. Observe, how *Antony* becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. *Cæsar*, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. WHAT shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow you?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nickt his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question. 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesy,
So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't.

To the boy *Cæsar* send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With Principalities.

Cleo. Thy head, my Lord?

Ant. To him again; tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note
Something particular; his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i'th' command of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone; I'll write it, follow me. [*Exit Antony.*

Eno. Yes, like enough; high-battled *Cæsar* will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to th' shew
Against a sword.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will
Answer his emptiness!—*Cæsar*, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A messenger from *Cæsar*.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? see, my women,—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square; (24)

Tho'

(24) *Mine honesty and I begin to square;
The Loyalty, well beld to Fools, does make*

Our

Tho' loyalty, well held, to fools does make
Our faith mere folly : yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n Lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i'th' story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. *Cæsar's* will ?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends ; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to *Antony*.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæsar* has :
Or needs not us. If *Cæsar* please, our master
Will leap to be his friend ; for, as you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's *Cæsar's*.

Thyr. So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd, *Cæsar* intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Go on ;——right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. Oh ! [*Aside.*

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,

Our Faith mere Folly : &c.

If I see any thing of the Poet's Sentiment in this Passage, both the Text and Pointing are slightly depraved ; and, I think, I have reformed both justly. After *Enobarbus* has said, that his Honesty and he begin to quarrel, (i. e. that his Reason shews him to be mistaken in his firm Adherence to *Antony*;) he immediately falls into this generous Reflection : “ Tho' Loyalty, stubbornly preserved to a
“ Master in his declined Fortunes, seems Folly in the Eyes of
“ Fools ; (i. e. Men, who have not Honour enough to think more
“ wisely ;) yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as
“ great a Figure on Record, as the Conqueror.”

But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that,——
I will ask *Antony*—— Sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit *Eno.*

Thyr. Shall I say to *Cæsar*
What you require of him? he partly begs,
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
And put yourself under his shroud, the universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name!

Thyr. My name is *Thyreus*.

Cleo. Most kind messenger, (25)
Say to great *Cæsar* this; in deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath
I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course:
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæsar*'s father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,

(25) Most kind Messenger;
Say to great *Cæsar* this in Disputation,
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:]

Again, the Pointing and Text must be corrected. If the sagacious Editors can reasonably expound *Disputation* here, I allow them to see farther into a Milstone than I pretend to do. The Poet certainly wrote, (as Mr. *Warburton* likewise saw, we must restore;)

Most kind Messenger,
Say to great *Cæsar* this; in Deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:

i. e. by Proxy; I depute you to pay him that Duty in my Name.

Bestow'd

Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove*, that thunders.—

[*Seeing Thyreus kifs her hand.*

What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there——ah, you kite! now, Gods
and Devils!

Authority melts from me of late.—When I cry'd, ho!
Like boys unto a mufs, Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will? have you no ears?
I'm *Antony* yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip him.

Enter Servants.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!——

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I find them
So sawcy with the hand of She here, (what's her name,
Since she was *Cleopatra*?)—whip him, fellows——
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark *Antony*——

Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this *Jack* of *Cæsar*'s shall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted, ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unprest in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord,——

Ant. You have been a boggler ever.

But

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
 (O misery on't! the wise Gods seal our eyes
 In our own filth, drop out clear judgments, make us
 Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
 To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
 Dead *Cæsar's* trencher: nay, you were a fragment
 Of *Cneius Pompey's*; besides what hotter hours,
 Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
 Luxuriously pickt out. For, I am sure,
 Though you can guess what temperance should be,
 You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
 And say, God quit you, be familiar with
 My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
 And plighter of high hearts!——O that I were
 Upon the hill of *Basan*, to out-roar
 The horned herd, for I have savage cause!
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like
 A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
 For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter a Servant, with Thyreus.

Serv. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a 'pardon?

Serv. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
 To follow *Cæsar* in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth,
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake to look on't.——Go, get thee back to *Cæsar*,
 Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,
 He makes me angry with him: For he seems
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
 And, at this time, most easy 'tis to do't:
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,

Have

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abyſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me. Urge it thou :——
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [*Exit Thyreus.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.——

Ant. To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let heav'n ingender hail,
And poiſon't in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, ſo
Difſolve my life! the next *Cæſario* ſmite!
'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
(26) By the diſcandying of this pelleted ſtorm,
Lie graveleſs; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I'm ſatisfied:

Cæſar ſets down in *Alexandria*, where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our fever'd navy too
Have knit again, and float, threatening moſt ſea-like.

(26) *By the diſcattering of this pelleted Storm,*] This Reading we owe firſt, I preſume, to *Mr. Rowe*: and *Mr. Pope* has very faithfully fallen into it. The old *Folio's* read, *diſcandering*: from which Corruption both *Dr. Tbirly* and I ſaw, we muſt retrieve the Word with which I have reformed the Text. *Cleopatra's* Wiſh is this; that the Gods would ingender Hail, and poiſon it; and that as it fell upon her and her ſubjects, and melted, their Lives might determine, as that diſſolved and diſcandied: the congealing of the Water into Hail he metaphorically calls *candying*: and it is an Image he is fond of, in ſeveral other Paſſages,

Where

Where hast thou been, my heart? dost thou hear, lady?
 If from the field I should return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
 I and my sword will earn my chronicle;
 There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-finew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously: for when my hours
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
 Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
 All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day;
 I had thought t'have held it poor: But since my Lord
 Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

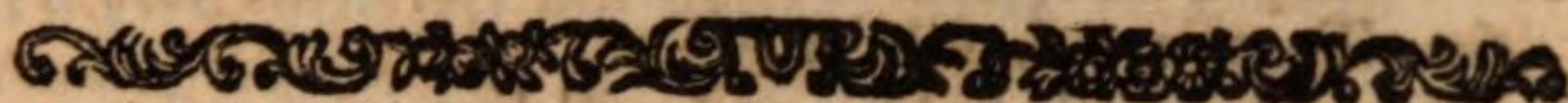
Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them, and to-night I'll force
 The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my Queen;
 There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
 I'll make death love me; for I will contend
 Even with his pestilent scythe. [Exeunt.

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning; to be furious,
 Is to be frightened out of fear; and, in that mood,
 The dove will peck the estridge; and, I see still,
 A diminution in our captain's brain
 Restores his heart; when valour preys on reason,
 It eats the sword it fights with: I will seek
 Some way to leave him. [Exit.





A C T IV.

S C E N E, Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas, with their Army. Cæsar reading a Letter.

CÆSAR.

HE calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Ægypt. My messenger
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die: mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See, it be done;
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor *Antony*! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. **H**E will not fight with me, *Domitius.*

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's

He's twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, " take all."

Ant. Well said, come on :
Call forth my household servants, let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest ; so hast thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou : you've serv'd me well,
And Kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this ?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too :
I wish, I could be made so many men ;
And all of you clapt up together in
An *Antony* ; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night ;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when my Empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean ?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night ;
May be, it is the period of your duty ;
Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,——
A mangled shadow. It may chance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away ; but like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death :
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the Gods yield you for't !

Eno. What mean you, Sir,

To

To give them this discomfort? look, they weep.
And I, an afs, am onion-ey'd; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow, where those drops fall! my hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sence;
I spake t' you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown confideration. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *a Court of Guard before the Palace.*

Enter a company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* **B**Rother, good-night: to-morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: Fare
you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: what news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour; good-night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good-night.

[They meet with other Soldiers.]

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 *Sold.* And you, good-night, good-night.

[They place themselves on every corner of the stage.]

2 *Sold.* Here, we; and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up,

1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[Musick of the hautboys is under the stage.]

2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1 *Sold.* Lift, lift!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Musick i'th' air.—

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.—

It signes well, does it not?

2 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.*

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1 *Sold.* Peace, I say : what should this mean ?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk, let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

2 *Sold.* How now masters ? [*Speak together.*]

Omnes. How now, how now, do you hear this ?

1 *Sold.* Is't not strange ?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter,
Let's see how 'twill give off.

Omnes. Content : 'tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. **E**ROS, mine armour, *Eros*.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck : *Eros*, come, mine armour, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on ;
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, *Antony*.

What's this for ? ah, let be, let be ; thou art
The armourer of my heart ;—false, false ; this, this ;—
Sooth-la, I'll help : thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now ;
Seest thou, my good fellow ? Go, put on thy defences.

Eno. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely :

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

Thou fumblest, *Eros* ; and my Queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou ; dispatch. O love !

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation ; thou shouldst see
A workman in't.

Enter

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good-morow to thee, welcome ;
Thou look'st like him, that knows a warlike charge :
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, Sir,
Early though't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. *Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair ; good-morrow, General !

All. Good-morrow, General !

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so ; come, give me that,—this way—well said :
Fare thee well, dame, what e'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss : rebukeable,
And worthy shameful cheek it were, to stand
On more mechanick compliment : I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You, that will fight,
Follow me close, I'll bring you to't : adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Char. Please you to retire to your chamber ?

Cleo. Lead me :

He goes forth gallantly : That he and *Cæsar* might
Determine this great war in single fight !

Then, *Antony*—but now,—well, on. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to a Camp.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter Antony, and Eros ; a Soldier
meeting them.*

Sold. (27) **T**HE Gods make this a happy day to
Antony !

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To

(27) *Eros.* *The Gods make this a happy Day to Antony !*] 'Tis
evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewise conjectured, by what *Antony* imme-
diately

To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings, that have revolted, and the Soldier,
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros Who?

One ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
He shall not hear thee; or from *Cæsar's* camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with *Cæsar*.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, send his treasure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will subscribe gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! dispatch, my *Eros*. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella.

Cæs. GO forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is, *Antony* be took alive:
Make it so known.

Agr. *Cæsar*, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near;
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

diately replies, that this Line should not be placed to *Eros*, but
to the Soldier, who, before the Battle of *Actium*, advised *Antony*
to try his Fate at Land.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Mark Antony is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge, *Agrippa*;
Plant those, that have revolted, in the van,
That *Antony* may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself.

[*Exeunt.*]

Eno. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewery* on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did persuade
Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cæsar*,
And leave his master *Antony*. For this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him: *Canidius*, and the rest,
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. *Enobarbus*, *Antony*
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus. The messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true; best, you see safe't the bringer
Out of the host: I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your Emperor
Continues still a *Jove*.

[*Exit.*]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel, I am so most. O *Antony*,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! this bows my heart;
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!——no, I will go seek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, *before the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarm. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. **R**etire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
 Exceeds what we expected. [Exit.]

Alarm. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor! this is fought indeed;
 Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
 With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
 But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
 Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage serves
 For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
 And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
 'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
 Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
 For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.]

*Alarm. Enter Antony again in a March,
 Scarus with others.*

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; (28) run one before,
 And let the Queen know of our Guests; to-morrow,
Before

(28) — — run One before,

And let the Queen know of our Guests.] What Guests was
 the Queen to know of? *Antony* was to fight again on the morrow;
 and he had not yet said a Word of marching to *Alexandria*, and
treating

Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all :
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you've shewn yourselves all *Hectors*.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy hand,
[To Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o'th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness, to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords !

Oh, infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught ?

Ant. My nightingale !

We've beat them to their beds. What ! girl, though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha've
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
(29) Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;
Kiss it, my warrior : he hath fought to-day,

As

treating his Officers in the Palace. We must restore, as *Mr. War-*
burton likewise prescribes ;

And let the Queen know of our Gests.

i. e. *res gestæ* ; our Feats, our glorious Actions. It is a Term,
that frequently occurs in *Chaucer* ; and, after him, in *Spencer* ; nor
did it cease to be current for some time after our Author's Days.

(29) *Commend unto his Lips thy favouring Hand.*] *Antony* is here
recommending One of his Captains, who had fought valiantly, to
Cleopatra ; and desires, he may have the Grace of kissing her
Hand. But why, *favouring Hand* ? He did not want his Captain
to grow in Love with his Mistress, on Account of the Flavour
and

As if a God in hate of mankind had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a King's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy *Phœbus'* Car.——Give me thy hand;
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march;
Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we would all sup together;
And drink carowfes to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our ratling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter a Centry, and his Company. Enobarbus follows.

Cent. IF we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to th' court of guard; the
night

Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle
By th' second hour i'th' morn.

1 Watch. This last day was a shrewd one to's.

Eno. O bear me witness, night!

2 Watch. What man is this?

1 Watch. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record

and Lusciousness of her Hand; but only to have a Reward of
Honour from the Queen for his good Service. I therefore believe,
the Poet wrote;

Commend unto his Lips thy favouring Hand.

Though none of the printed Copies countenance this Reading, yet
nothing is more common at Press than for an *f* to usurp the place
of an *s*, and so vice versa.

Bear

Bear hateful memory ; poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. Enobarbus ?

3 Watch. Peace ; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which being dried to grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular ;
But let the world rank me in register
A master leaver, and a fugitive :

Oh *Antony ! oh Antony !*

[*Dies.*

1 Watch. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern *Cæsar*.

2 Watch. Let's do so, but he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 Watch. Go we to him.

2 Watch. Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 Watch. Hear you, Sir ?

Cent. The hand of death has raught him.

[*Drums afar off.*

Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers :
Let's bear him to the Court of Guard ; he is of note.
Our hour is fully out.

2 Watch. Come on then, he may recover yet.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *between the two Camps.*

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. **T**Heir preparation is to-day by sea,
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i'th' fire, or in the air,

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H

We

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We'd fight there too. But this it is ; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is giv'n ;
They have put forth the haven : further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall ; for his best force
Is forth to man his Gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. *[Exeunt.]*
[Alarm afar off, as at a sea-fight.]

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd :
Where yond pine stands, I shall discover all,
I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. *[Exit.]*

Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra's* sails their nests. The Augurs
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected ; and by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not. *[Exit.]*

SCENE changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

Ant. ALL's lost ! this foul *Ægyptian* hath betray'd me !
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore ! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly :
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
Oh, Sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here

Do

Do we shake hands——all come to this!——the hearts,
 (30) That pantler'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming *Cæsar*: and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
 Oh, this false soul of *Ægypt*! this gay charm,
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
 Whose bosom was my Crownnet, my chief end,
 Like a right Gipsy, hath at fast and loose
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.
 What, *Eros*, *Eros*!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou spell! avant.——

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish *Cæsar*'s Triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting *Plebeians*;
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex. Most monster-like, be shewn
 For poor'st diminutives, for dolts; and let
 Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. 'Tis well, thou'rt gone;
 [Exit Cleopatra.]

If it be well to live. But better 'twere,
 Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death

(30)——— *The Hearts,*

That pannell'd me at Heels. &c.] Pannelling at Heels must mean here, *following*: but where was the Word ever found in such a Sense? *Pannel*, signifies but three Things, that I know, in the *English* Tongue, none of which will suit with the Allusion here requisite; *viz.* That Roll or Schedule of Parchment on which the Names of a Jury are enter'd, which therefore is call'd *empannelling*; a Pane, or Slip of Wainscot; and a Packfaddle for Beasts of Burden. The Text is corrupt, and *Shakespeare* must certainly have wrote;

That pantler'd me at Heels;
i. e. run after me like Footmen, or *Pantlers*; which Word originally signified, the Servants who have the Care of the Bread. But is used by our Poet for a menial Servant in general, as well as in its native Acceptation,

Mr. Warburton.

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Might have prevented many. *Eros*, ho!
 The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.
 Let me lodge *Lichas* on the horns o'th' Moon,
 And with those hands that graspt the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
 To the young *Roman* boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under his plot: she dies for't. *Eros*, ho! [Exit.

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
 Than *Telamon* for his shield; the boar of *Thessaly*
 Was never so imboast.

Char. To th' Monument,
 There lock yourself, and send him word you're dead:
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
 Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony*;
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence, *Mardian*,
 And bring me how he takes my death. To th' Monument.
 [Exit.

Re-enter Antony, and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me.

Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
 A forked mountain, a blue promontory
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air. Thou'st seen these signs,
 They are black Vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, ev'n with a thought
 The rack dissimns, and makes it indistinct
 As water is in water.

Eros.

Eros. It does, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy captain is
Ev'n such a body; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for *Ægypt*; and the Queen,
Whose heart, I thought, I had, (for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost!) she, *Eros*, has
Pack'd cards with *Cæsar*, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph——
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh, thy vile Lady!
Sh' has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, *Antony*,
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortune's mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy Eunuch, peace, she hath betray'd me,
And she shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, *Antony*! most noble *Antony*!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; she rendred life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep; that thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*
Off, pluck off;——

The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! apace, *Eros*, apace.

No more a soldier——bruised pieces, go;

[Unarming himself.

You have been nobly borne;——from me a while——

[Exit Eros.

I will o’ertake thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So’t must be, for now
All length is torture; since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my Queen—*Eros*!—stay for me,
Where souls do couch on flowers, we’ll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her *Æneas* shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, *Eros*, *Eros*!

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I’ve liv’d in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter’d the world, and o’er green *Neptune*’s back,
With ships, made cities; condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble-minded
Than she, which, by her death, our *Cæsar* tells,
“ I’m conqueror of myself.” Thou art sworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I shall see behind me
Th’ inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that on my command thou then
Wouldst kill me. Do it, for the time is come:
Thou strik’st not me, ’tis *Cæsar* thou defeat’st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me!
Shall I do that, which all the *Parthian* darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. *Eros*,
Wouldst thou be window’d in great *Rome*, and see
Thy master thus with pleacht arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu’d

To

To penetrative shame : whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate *Cæsar*, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued ?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then ; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee ? do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. ———

[Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. 'Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear Master,
My Captain, and my Emperor ! Let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man, ——— and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I strike now ?

Ant. Now, *Eros*.

Eros. Why, there then ——— [Eros kills himself.
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of *Antony's* death. [Dies.

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself !
Thou teachest me, oh, valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou couldst not ; my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record. But I will be
A Bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a Lover's bed. Come then ; and, *Eros*,
Thy Master dies thy scholar ; to do thus

[Falling on his sword.
I learnt of thee. How, not yet dead ? not dead ? —
The Guard — ho ! — oh, dispatch me.

Enter Dercetas, and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends:
O, make an end of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fall'n.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period!

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him, that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shewn to *Cæsar*, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony*?

Der. There, *Diomed*, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not answer, man?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed*? draw thy sword, and
give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute Lord,
My Mistress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her Monument. She had a prophesy-
ing fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw,
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cæsar*; and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent word she was dead.
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio.

Dio. What, ho ! the Emperor's guard. The guard,
what, ho !
Come, your Lord calls.

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, were *Cleopatra* 'bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

Guard. Woe are we, Sir ! you may not live to wear
All your true follow'rs out.

All. Most heavy day !

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

S C E N E *changes to a magnificent Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. O H *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not :
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now ? is he dead ?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'th' other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !—darkling stand
The varying shore o'th' world ! O *Antony* !

H 5

Help,

Help, *Charmian*; help, *Iras*, help; help, friends,
Below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.

Not *Cæsar*'s valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumph'd on himself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*; but, woe, 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only yet
(31) I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips,——Come down.

Cleo. I dare not,
(Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon, that I dare not;)
Lest I be taken; not th' imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar* ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my women; we must draw thee up—
Assist, good friends.

(31) *I here importune Death a while; until
Of many thousand Kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy Lips.*

Cleo. I dare not, dear,

Dear my Lord, pardon; I dare not,
Lest I be taken.]

What curious hobbling Versification do we encounter here in the last Line but one? Besides, how inconsistently is the Lady made to reply? *Antony* says, he only holds Life, till he can give her one last Kiss: and she cries, she dares not: What dares she not do? kiss *Antony*? But how should she? she was above locked in her Monument; and he below, on the Outside of it. With a very slight Addition, I think, I can cure the whole; and have a Warrant from *Plutarch* for it into the Bargain. Now *Plutarch* says, that "*Antony* was carried in his Men's Arms into the Entry of the Monument: Notwithstanding, *Cleopatra* would not open the Gates, but came to the high Windows, and cast out certain Chains and Ropes, &c."——So that *Antony* might very reasonably desire her to come down; and she as reasonably excuse herself, for fear of being insnared by *Cæsar*.

Ant.

Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed!—how heavy weighs my Lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno's* power,
The strong'd-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come—

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*
And welcome, welcome. Die, where thou hast liv'd;
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. O heavy fight!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false huswife fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.
Of *Cæsar* seek your honour, with your safety—oh—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me;
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about *Cæsar*.

Ant. The miserable change, now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o'th' world,
The noblest once; and do not now basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman; A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more— [Antony dies.]

Cleo. Noblest of men!—woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O see, my women!
The crown o'th' earth doth melt—my Lord!
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls

Are

Are level now with men ; the odds is gone ;
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the visiting moon.

[*She faints.*]

Char. Oh, quietness, Lady !

Iras. She's dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady !

Iras. Madam !

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam——

Iras. Royal *Ægypt* ! Empress !

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more but a mere woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares !——It were for me
To throw my scepter at th' injurious Gods ;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had stoll'n our jewel. All's but naught :
Patience is fottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad : Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us ? how do you, women ?
What, what, good cheer ! why, how now, *Charmian* ?
My noble girls ?——ah, women, women ! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out——good Sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him : and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high *Roman* fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away,
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women ! come, we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.*]



A C T



A C T V.

S C E N E, Cæsar's Camp.

(32) Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenas, Gallus, and Train.

CÆSAR.

GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. (33) [Exit *Dolabella*.]

(32) Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and MENAS.] But *Menas* and *Menecrates*, we may remember, were the two famous Pirates linked with *Sextus Pompeius*, and who assisted him to infest the *Italian Coast*. We nowhere learn, expressly in the Play, that *Menas* ever attached himself to *Octavius's* Party. Notwithstanding the old *Folio's* concur in marking the Entrance thus, yet in the two places in the Scene, where this Character is made to speak, they have marked in the Margin, *Mæc.* so that, as Dr. *Ibirlby* sagaciously conjectured, we must cashier *Menas*, and substitute *Mæcenas* in his Room. *Menas*, indeed, deserted to Cæsar no less than twice, and was preferred by him. But then we are to consider *Alexandria* was taken, and *Antony* killed himself, Anno U. C. 723. *Menas* made the second Revolt over to *Augustus*, U. C. 717: and the next Year was slain at the Siege of *Belgrade* in *Pannonia*, five Years before the Death of *Antony*.

(33) *Dol. Cæsar, I shall.*] I make no Doubt, but it should be mark'd here, that *Dolabella* goes out. 'Tis reasonable to imagine, he should presently depart, upon Cæsar's Command; so that the Speeches, placed to him in the Sequel of this Scene, must be transferred to *Agrippa*, or he is introduced as a Mute. Besides, that *Dolabella* should be gone out, appears from this, that when Cæsar asks for him, he recollects that he had sent him on Business.

Enter

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to *Cæsar*: If thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, oh, *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, and citizens
Into their dens——The death of *Antony*
Is not a single doom, in that name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, *Cæsar*,
Not by a publick minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self-hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath with the courage, which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends:——
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a tiding
To wash the eyes of Kings!

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal in him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

Mec.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I've follow'd thee to this—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in Empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine its thoughts did kindle; that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should have divided
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter season.—
The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Enter an Egyptian.

Ægypt. A poor *Ægyptian* yet; the Queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, (her monument)
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To th' way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot live,
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. May the Gods preserve thee! [Exit.]

Cæs. Come hither, *Proculeius*; go, and say,
We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro.

Pro. *Cæsar*, I shall. [Exit *Proculeius*.
Cæs. *Gallus*, go you along;—where's *Dolabella*,
 To second *Proculeius*. [Exit *Gallus*.

All. *Dolabella*!

Cæs. Let him alone; for I remember now,
 How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
 Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
 How hardly I was drawn into this war;
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still
 In all my writings. Go with me, and see
 What I can shew in this. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to the Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and Seleucus,
above.

Cleo. MY desolation does begin to make
 A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæsar*:
 Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
 A minister of her will, and it is great
 To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung:—
 The beggar's nurse, and *Cæsar's*.—

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cæsar* sends greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
 And bids thee study on what fair demands
 Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Antony*
 Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
 I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
 That have no use for trusting. If your master
 Would have a Queen his beggar, you must tell him,
 That Majesty, to keep *decorum*, must
 No less beg than a kingdom; if he please
 To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my son,
 He gives me so much of mine own, as I

Will

Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:

You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing;

Make your full ref'rence freely to my Lord,

Who is so full of grace, that it flows over

On all that need. Let me report to him

Your sweet dependency, and you shall find

A conqu'ror that will pray in aid for kindness,

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him,

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him

The greatness he has got. I hourly learn

A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly

Look him i'th' face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort, for, I know, your plight is pity'd

Of him that caus'd it.

[Here Gallus, and Guard, ascend the Monument by a Ladder, and enter at a back Window.]

Gall. You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd. (34)

Pro. Guard her, 'till Cæsar come.

Iras. O Royal Queen!

Char. Oh Cleopatra! thou art taken, Queen.—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a Dagger.]

[The Monument is open'd; Proculeius rushes in, and disarms the Queen.]

(34) *Char.* You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd,]

Here *Charmian*, who is so faithful as to die with her Mistress, by the stupidity of the Editors is made to countenance and give Directions for her being surpriz'd by *Cæsar's* Messengers. But this Blunder is for want of knowing, or observing, the historical Fact. When *Cæsar* sent *Proculeius* to the Queen, he sent *Gallus* after him with new Instructions: and while one amused *Cleopatra* with Propositions from *Cæsar*, through Crannies of the Monument; the other scaled it by a Ladder, entered at a Window backward, and made *Cleopatra*, and those with her Prisoners. I have reformed the Passage therefore, (as, I am persuaded, the Author designed it;) from the Authority of *Plutarch*.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chafis'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varletry
Of cens'ring *Rome*? rather a ditch in *Ægypt*
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on *Nilus'* mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high *Pyramides* my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in *Cæsar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master *Cæsar* knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella*,
It shall content me best; be gentle to her;
To *Cæsar* I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [Exit Proculeius.]

Dol. Most noble Empress, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known;
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an Emp'rour *Antony*;
Oh such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye——

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns; and therein stuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their course, and lighted

(35)

The little O o'th' Earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature!——

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, when that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb,
He was as ratling thunder. For his bounty, (36)

There

(35) *A Sun and Moon which kept their Course, and lighted
The little o'th' Earth.*

Dol. —— Most sovereign Creature!]

What a blessed limping Verse these two *Hemistichs* give us! Had
none of the Editors an Ear to find the Hitch in its Pace? 'Tis true,
there is but a Syllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but
of a single Letter; which the first Editors not understanding,
learnedly threw it out as a Redundance. I restore,

The little O o'th' Earth.

i. e. the little Orb or Circle. And 'tis plain, our Poet in other Pas-
sages chuses to express himself thus.

(36) ----- For his Bounty,

There was no Winter in't: an Antonie it was,

That grew the more by reaping.]

There was certainly a Contrast, both in the Thought and Terms,
design'd here, which is lost in an accidental Corruption. How could
an *Antony* grow the more by reaping? I'll venture, by a very easy
Change,

There was no winter in't: An autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like, they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and coronets, realms and islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra————

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lye, up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy, yet t' imagine (37)
An *Antony*, were nature's prize 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it,
As answ'ring to the weight: 'would, I might never
O'er-take pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you, what *Cæsar* means to do with me?

Change, to restore an exquisite fine Allusion: which carries its Reason with it too, why there was no *Winter* (i. e. no Want, Barenness,) in his Bounty.

————— *For his Bounty,*
There was no Winter in't: an Autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping.

I ought to take Notice, that the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* likewise started this very Emendation, and had mark'd it in the Margine of his Book. The Reason of the Depravation might easily arise from the great Similitude of the two Words in the old way of spelling, *Antonie* and *Automne*.

(37) ————— *Yet t' imagine*
An Antony were Nature's piece, 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning Shadows quite.]

The pointing of this obscure Passage was rectified, and the changing Piece into Prize made, by Mr. *Warburton*.

Dol.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. 189

Dol. I'm loth to tell you, what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable——

Cleo. He'll lead me in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.

All. Make way there,——*Cæsar.*

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt*?

Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [*Cleo. kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise, rise, *Ægypt*.

Cleo. Sir, the Gods

Will have it thus; my master and my Lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. *Cleopatra*, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which tow'ards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.——

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours;
and we,
Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good Lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

Cleo.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
I am possess of—'tis exactly valued, (38)

Not petty things omitted—where's *Seleucus*?

Sel. Here, Madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer, let him speak, my Lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.

Sel. Madam, I had rather seal my lips,
Than to my peril speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, *Cleopatra*; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, *Cæsar*! Oh, behold,
How pomp is followed: mine will now be yours,
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* does
Ev'n make me wild. Oh slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd--What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, foul-less villain, dog,
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cæsar*, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,

(38) ———'Tis exactly valued,

Not petty Things admitted.]

Sagacious Editors! *Cleopatra* gives in a List of her Wealth, says, 'tis exactly valued, but that petty Things are not admitted in this List: and then she appeals to her Treasurer, to vouch, that she has reserv'd Nothing to herself. Nay, and when he betrays her in this Point, she is reduced to the shift of exclaiming against the Ingratitude of Servants to a Prince in his Decline, and of making Apologies for having secreted certain Trifles. What Consistency is there in such a Conduct? And who does not see, that we ought to read?

————'Tis exactly valued;

Not petty Things omitted.

For this Declaration lays open her Falshood; and makes her angry,
When her Treasurer detects her in a direct Lye.

Doing

Doing the honour of thy Lordliness
To one so weak, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæsar*,
That I some lady-trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation, must I be unfolded
By one that I have bred? the Gods!——it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;——
Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
Through th' ashes of my chance; wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, *Seleucus*.

Cleo. Be't known, that we the greatest are mis-
thought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. *Cleopatra*,

Not what you have reserv'd nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i'th' roll of conquest, still be't yours;
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants fold. Therefore, be cheer'd:
Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel: feed, and sleep.
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my Lord!

Cæs. Not so:—adieu. [*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me,
That I should not be noble to myself.
But hark thee, *Charmian*. [*Whispers Charmian,*

Iras. Finish, good lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo.

Cleo. Hie thee again. —
I've spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

[Exit Charm.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?

Char. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæsar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before;
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good Queen; I must attend on *Cæsar*. [Exit.

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what think'st
thou?

Thou, an *Aegyptian* puppet, shalt be shewn
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets, and scall'd rhimers
Ballad us out-o'-tune. The quick comedians
Extemp'rally will stage us, and present
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatness,
I'th' posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I'm sure, my nails

Are

Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way (39)

To fool their preparation, and to conquer

• Their most assur'd intents. Now, *Charmian* :

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen : go fetch

My best attires. I am again for *Cydnus*,

To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah, *Iras*, go——

Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll dispatch indeed ;

And when thou'st done this chare, I'll give thee leave

• To play till dooms-day——bring our Crown, and all.

Wherefore this noise ? [*A noise within.*]

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Here is a rural fellow,

That will not be deny'd your Highness' presence ;

He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument

[*Exit Guardsman.*]

May do a noble deed !—he brings me liberty.

My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing

Of woman in me ; now from head to foot

I'm marble constant : now the fleeting moon !

No planet is of mine.

(39) ----- *Why, that's the way*

To fool their preparation, and to conquer

Their most absurd Intent's.]

As plausible as this Epithet may at first Glance appear, I have great Suspensions of it. Why should *Cleopatra* call *Cæsar's* Designs absurd ? She could not think his Intent of carrying her in Triumph, such, with regard to his own Glory ; and her finding an Expedient to disappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think, the Poet wrote ;

----- *and to conquer*

Their most assur'd Intent's.

i. e. the Purposes, which they are most determin'd to put in practice ; make themselves most sure of accomplishing.

Enter Guardsman, and Clown with a basket.

Guards. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. *[Exit Guardsman.]*

Hast thou the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday, a very honest woman, but something given to lye, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty. How she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt! truly, she makes a very good report o'th' worm: but he, that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think, I am so simple, but I know, the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the devil dresse her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the Gods great harm in their women! for, in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clown.

Clown. Yes, forsooth, I wish you joy o'th' worm.

[*Exit.*]

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Ægypt's* grape shall moist this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quick——methinks, I hear
Antony call, I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæsar*, which the Gods give men
T'excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come;
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So———have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind *Charmian*; *Iras*, long farewel.

[*Applying the asp.*]

Have I the aspick in my lips? dost fall? [To *Iras*.]
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,
It is not worth leave-taking. [Iras dies.]

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say,
The Gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base——
If she first meet the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kifs,
Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsecate

[To the serpent.]

Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* aïs,
Unpolicied!

Char. Oh eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O break! O break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,

I 2

O *Antony*!

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.—(40)

[Applying another Asp to her Arm.

What should I stay——

[Dies.

Char. In this wild world? so, fare thee well:
Now, boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies
A las! unparallel'd——Downy windows, close;
And golden *Phœbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where's the Queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. *Cæsar* hath sent——

[Charmian applies the Asp.

Char. Too slow a messenger.

Oh, come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! all's not well. *Cæsar's* beguil'd.

2 Guard. There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*; call him.

1 Guard. What work is here, *Charmian*? is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princess
Descended of so many royal Kings.

Ah, soldiers!——

[Charmian dies.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead!

Dol. *Cæsar*, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming

(40) O Antony! nay I will take thee too.] As there has been hitherto no Break in this Verse, nor any marginal Direction, *thee* necessarily must seem to refer to *Antony*. But 'tis certain, *Cleopatra* is here designed to apply one Aspick to her Arm, as she had before clasp'd one to her Breast. And the last Speech of *Dolabella* in the Play is a Confirmation of this.

Here, on her Breast,

There is a Vent of Blood, and something blown;

The like is on her Arm.

To

To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So fought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and Attendants.

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæsar*.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That, you did fear, is done.

Cæf. Bravest at last:
She levell'd at our purpose, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?—
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Cæf. Poison'd then!

Guard. Oh *Cæsar*!
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cæf. Oh noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep;
As she would catch another *Antony*
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

Guard. This is an aspick's trail;
And these fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th' aspick leaves upon the caves of *Nile*.

Cæf. Most probable,
That so she dy'd; for her physician tells me,
She has pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her *Antony*.
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is

198 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral;
And then to *Rome*; come, *Dolabella*, see
High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt omnes.





H. Gravelot in Vol. 7. P. 199.

G. V. Gucht Scul



C Y M B E L I N E.

A

T R A G E D Y.





Dramatis Personæ.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britaine.*

Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *a Gentleman in love with the Princess,
and privately married to her.*

Guiderius, } *Disguis'd under the names of Paladour and*
Arviragus, } *Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.*

Belarius, *a banish'd Lord, disguis'd under the name of
Morgan.*

Philario, *an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.*

Iachimo, *Friend to Philario.*

Caius Lucius, *Ambassador from Rome.*

Pisanio, *Servant to Posthumus.*

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

Cornelius, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

Helen, *Woman to Imogen.*

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ghosts, a
Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other
Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Britaine; sometimes in
Italy,*

CY M-



C Y M B E L I N E.

A C T I.

S C E N E, Cymbeline's *Palace in Britaine.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

I G E N T L E M A N.

Y O U do not meet a man, but frowns: our
bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
'That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman.
She's wedded; ———

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: All
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's look) but hath a heart that is

Glad at the thing they scoul at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath mis'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and, he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack good man!
And therefore banish'd, is a creature such,
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a man but him.

2 *Gent.* You speak him fair.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did join his honour
Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan*;
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus*,
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o'th' time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand: For which, their father,
Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministr'd.
His spring became a harvest: liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the young'st; to th' more mature,
A glass that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards. To his mistress,

(For

(For whom he now is banish'd) her own price
Proclaims, how she esteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, ev'n out of your report.
But tell me, is she sole child to the King?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it;) the eldest of them at three years old,
I'th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stoll'n; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them,——

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princess. [Exeunt.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
I'll-ey'd unto you: You're my pris'ner, but
Your goaler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying

The

The pangs of barr'd affections; though the King
Hath charg'd, you should not speak together. [Exit.

Imo. Dissembling courtesy! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle, where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my Mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tendernefs
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'st husband, that did e'er plight troth;
My residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure—yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
'The lothness to depart would grow:—adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little——
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love,
'This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post.

Post. How, how, another!
 You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
 And fear up my embracememts from a next
 With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,

[*Putting on the ring.*
 While sense can keep thee on! and sweetest, fairest,
 As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
 I still win of you. For my sake, wear this;
 It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
 Upon this fairest pris'ner.

Imo. O, the Gods!
 When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King! ———

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid; hence, from my sight:
 If, after this command, thou fraught the court
 With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
 Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
 And bless the good remainders of the court!
 I am gone. [Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
 More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing, (2)

That

(2) ——— O disloyal Thing,
 That shouldst repair my Youth, thou beap'st
 A Year's Age on me.]

The King lov'd his Daughter, and was much vex'd and disappoint-
 ed at her having married against his Consent. But, surely, his
 Sorrow was not very extreme, if the Effects of it only added one
 Year to his Age. Others have complained, of bringing their grey
 Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave. Our *Cymbeline* seems a more tem-
 perate Mourner. But we must correct, as my ingenious Friend
Mr. Warburton acutely observ'd to me,

A yare Age on me.

i. e. a sudden, precipitate, Old Age. For the Word signifies not
 only

- That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A yare age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,

Harm not yourself with your Vexation ;

- I'm senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past grace.

Cym. Thou might'st have had the sole son of my Queen.

Imo. O, blest, that I might not ! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; would'st have made my
Throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No, I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault, that I have lov'd *Posthumus* :

You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is

A man, worth any woman ; over-buys me

Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What !——art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, Sir ; heav'n restore me ! 'would I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*

Our neighbour-shepherd's son !

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing ;——

- They were again together, you have done

[*To the Queen.*

Not after our command. Away with her,

And pen her up,

Queen. Beseech your patience ; peace,

Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,

Leave us t' ourselves, and make yourself some comfort

Out of your best advice.

only nimble, dexterous, as it is many times employed in our Author ;
but likewise, as SKINNER expounds it, *fervidus, promptus, præceps,*
impatiens.

Cym.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fy, you must give way:
Here is your servant. How now, Sir? what news?

Pis. My Lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Hah!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd, than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend, he takes his part,
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir!——
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command; he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you, speak
with me;
You shall, at least, go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the
violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice.
Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad
so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it —
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith: Not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt, it went o'th' backside the town.

[*Aside.*

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No, but he fled *forward* still, toward your face.

[*Aside.*

1 Lord. Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your Having, gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans, puppies!

[*Aside.*

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

[*Aside.*

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me! —

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she's damn'd.

[*Aside.*

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

[*Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'would, there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

[*Aside.*

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E,

SCENE, Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I Would, thou grew'st unto the shores o'th' haven,
And question'st every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake with thee?

Pis. 'Twas, "His Queen, his Queen!"

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Pis. No, Madam; (3) for so long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of's mind
Could best express how slow his foul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crackt
'em, but
To look upon him; 'till the dimunition

(3) ————— for so long

As he could make me with his Eye or Ear

Distinguish him from others,] But how could *Posthumus* make
himself distinguish'd by his *Ear* to *Pisanio*? by his *Tongue* he might,
to the other's *Ear*; and this was certainly *Shakespeare's* Intention.
We must therefore read, as *Mr. Warburton* hinted to me;

As he could make me with this Eye or Ear,

Distinguish him from others.

The Expression is δεικνῶς, as the *Greeks* term it: The Party speak-
ing points to the Party spoken of.

Of

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle ;
 Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
 The smallness of a gnat, to air ; and then
 Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good *Pisano*,
 When shall we hear from him ?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
 With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
 Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him,
 How I would think on him, at certain hours,
 Such thoughts, and such ; or, I could make him swear,
 The She's of *Italy* should not betray
 Mine interest, and his honour ; or have charg'd him,
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 T'encounter me with Orisons ; (for then
 I am in heaven for him ;) or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father ;
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
 Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
 I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Rome.*

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a Frenchman.

Iach. BELIEVE it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britaine* ;
 he was then of a crescent note ; expected to
 prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the
 name of. But I could then have look'd on him, with-
 out the help of admiration ; though the catalogue of
 his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to
 peruse him by *Items*.

Phil.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment——

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Briton*. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all, be better known to this Gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans*.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you over-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did attune my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight, and trivial a nature.

Post.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say, it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fall'n both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask, what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This Gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable than any of the rarest of our ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Post. Being so far provoked, as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing; tho' I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand comparison, had been something too fair and too good for any Lady in *Brittainy*. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not believe, she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you:—

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stoll'n too; so, of your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No no.—

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: And to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and, I doubt not, you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this ; it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born ; and I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would, I had put my estate and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assail ?

Iach. Yours ; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it : (4) my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser ; if you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue ; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you ? I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return ; let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match : here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

(4) ————— my Ring I hold dear as my Finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach.] *You are a Friend, and therein the wiser.*] I am sure, *Iachimo* talks like none of the wisest, in this kind of Reasoning. But what Ideas, in the Name of Nonsense, could the Editors entertain of *Posthumus* being a Friend, because he would not venture to wager his Ring ? I correct with Certainty ;

You are afraid, and therein the wiser.

What *Iachimo* says, in the Close of his Speech, determines this to have been our Poet's Reading.

But, I see, you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Iach.

Iach. By the Gods it is one. If I bring you not sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours: so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only, thus far you shall answer; if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain uneduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill opinion, and th' assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for *Britaine*, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt *Posth.* and *Iachimo*.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray, let us follow 'em.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to Cymbeline's Palace in Britaine.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a Phial.

Queen. WHILE yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers:

Make haste.—Who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[Exeunt *Ladies*.

Now, master Doctor, you have brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay; here they are, Madam;

But I beseech your Grace, without offence,

(My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most pois'rous compounds?

Which

Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly.

Queen. I do wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question; have I not been
Thy pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great King himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me dev'lish,) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human;)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their sev'ral virtues and effects.

Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring rascal, upon him
Will I first work; he's for his master's sake
An enemy to my son. How now, *Pisanio*?
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

[*Aside.*

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam:
But you shall do no harm.

[*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—— [To *Pisanio*.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think, she has
Strange ling'ring poisons; I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterwards up higher; but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,

To

To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, Doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? dost thou think,
in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up

[Pisanio looking on the Phial.]

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour;
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself:
(5) Think, what a change thou chancest on; but think;—
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son;

Who

(5) *Think what a Chance thou chancest on;—*] I hardly think,
our Author would have express'd himself thus badly, on no Necessity. Both the old *Folio's* read,

Think what a Chance thou changest on,

But I suspect, there is still a slight Error made by the first Transcriber. I imagine the Poet wrote;

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K

Think

Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women—*[Exit Pifa.*
 Think on my words—A fly and constant knave,
 Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her Lord.—I've giv'n him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leidgers for her sweet; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
 To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done;
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet; fare thee well, *Pisanio*,
 Think on my words. *[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you. *[Exit.*

SCENE changes to Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. **A** Father cruel, and a stepdame false,
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd—O, that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated
 Vexations of it—Had I been thief-stoll'n,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 Is the desire, that's glorious. Bless'd be those,
 How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? fy!

Think what a Change thou chancest on,
i. e. if you will fall into my Measures, do but think how you will
chance to change your Fortunes for the better, in the Consequences
that will attend your Compliance.

Enter

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble Gentleman of Rome
Comes from my Lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [Aside.
She is alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot:
Or, like the *Parthian*, I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am
most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your trust.*

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud:
But ev'n the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady——
What! are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, (6) and the twinn'd stones
Upon th' unnumber'd beach? and can we not

Partition

(6) ——— and the twinn'd Stones

Upon the number'd Beach.] I have no Idea, in what Sense
the Beach, or Shore, should be called *number'd*. I have ventured,
against all the Copies, to substitute.

K 2

Upon

Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' eye; (for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other :) Nor i'th' judgment;
(For Ideots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite :) Nor i'th' appetite:
(Slutt'ry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.)

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate, yet unsatisfy'd desire, (that tub,
Both fill'd and running;) ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage——

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well——'Beseech you, Sir,
[To Pisanio.

Desire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's strange, and peevish.

Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord
His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamefome; he is call'd
The *Britaine* Reveller.

Upon th' unnumber'd Beach.

i. e. the infinite, extensive Beach, if we are to understand the
Epithet as coupled to that Word. But, I rather think, the Poet
intended an *Hypallage*, like that in the Beginning of *OVID'S*
Metamorphoses:

(*In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora.*)

And then we are to understand the Passage thus; and the infinite
Number of twinn'd Stones upon the Beach.

Imo.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one,
An eminent Monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly *Briton*,
(Your Lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries oh!--
Can my sides hold, to think, that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, will his free hours languish out
For assur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*: but heav'n knows,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'rd's him
might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his, beyond all talents;
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

You look on me; what wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I'th' dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more opennefs your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—but

It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,
(Since doubting, things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Or are past remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then born;) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose ev'ry touch would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, (damn'd then,)
Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs
That mount the capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood, as with labour;
Then glad myself by peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoaky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britaine*.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces,
That from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deareſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A Lady
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'ſt King double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield!—with diſeaſ'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenneſs lends nature! ſuch boyl'd ſtuff,
As well might poiſon Poiſon! Be reveng'd;

Or

Or she, that bore you, was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd, if this be true?
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse;) if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana's* priest, betwixt cold sheets?
Whiles he is vaunting variable ramps
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it:—
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, *Pisanio*!—

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a Lady, that disdains
Thee, and the devil alike. What ho, *Pisanio*!—
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A faucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a *Romish* stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio*!

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say;
The credit, that thy Lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness.
Her assured credit! blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance

Were deeply rooted; and shall make your Lord,
 That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
 The truest-manner'd, such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies into him:
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mong men, like a descended God;
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking of a false report; which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
 In the election of a Sir, so rare,
 Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bare him,
 Made me to fan you thus; but the Gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir; take my pow'r i'th' court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almost forgot
 T' intreat your Grace but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your Lord; myself, and other noble friends
 Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
 (Best feather of our wing,) have mingled fums
 To buy a present for the Emperor:
 Which I, the factor of the rest, have done
 In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
 Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
 And I am something curious, being strange,
 To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
 To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
 And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
 My Lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
 In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
 Attended by my men: I will make bold
 To send them to you, only for this night;
 I must a board to-morrow.

Imo.

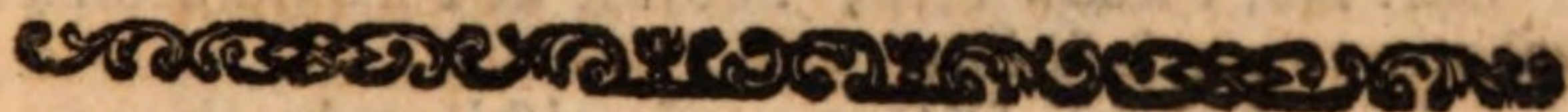
Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*,
I cross the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, Madam.
Therefore I shall beech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have outstood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our present.

Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome. [*Exe.*



A C T II.

S C E N E, Cymbeline's *Palace*.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

C L O T E N.

WAS there ever man had such luck! when I
kiss'd the Jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I
had an hundred pound on't; and then a whoreson jack-
an-apes must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed
mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my
pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his
pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it
would have run all out. [*Aside.*

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not
for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

K 5

2 Lord.

2 Lord. No, my Lord; nor crop the ears of them.

[*Aside.*

Clot. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? 'would, he had been one of my rank.

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool.—— [*Aside.*

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth,— a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my mother; every Jack-flave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

Clot. Say'st thou?

2 Lord. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your Lordship only.——

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's comes to court to-night?

Clot. A stranger, and I know not on't?

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 Lord. There's an *Italian* come, and, 'tis thought, one of *Leonatus's* friends.

Clot. *Leonatus!* a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your Lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 Lord. You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted, therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll go see this *Italian*: what I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship. [Exit Clot. That

That such a crafty devil, as his mother,
 Should yield the world this afs!—a woman, that
 Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
 Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
 And leave eighteen.—Alas, poor Princess,
 Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st!
 Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
 A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
 (7) More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce held make.—The heav'ns hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
 That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand
 T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord, and this great land!

[*Exeunt.*]

(7) *More hateful than the foul Expulsion is
 Of thy dear Husband, than that horrid Act
 Of the divorce — he'll make the Heav'ns hold firm
 The Walls of thy dear honour, &c.]*

What perpetual proofs occur of these Editors' stupid Indolence! They cannot afford even to add, or transpose, a Stop, though the Sense be never so much concerned in it. How would *Cloten's* Sollicitations, if I might ask these wise Gentlemen, make the Heavens keep firm *Imogen's* Honour? Would the Speaker imply, that this Wooer was so hateful, worthless, a Creature, the Heavens would purposely keep her honest in Contempt of him? The Author meant no such absurd Stuff. I dare be positive, I have reformed his Pointing, and by that retrieved his true Sense. "This Wooer, says the
 " *Speaker*, is more hateful to her than the Banishment of her Lord;
 " or the horrid Attempt of making that Banishment perpetual, by
 " his marrying her in her Lord's absence." Having made this Reflexion, he subjoins a virtuous Wish, that Heaven may preserve her Honour unblemished, and her to enjoy her Husband back, and her Rights in the Kingdom.



SCENE

SCENE *changes to a magnificent Bed-chamber;
in one part of it, a large trunk.*

Imogen is discover'd reading in her bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. WHO's there? my woman *Helen*?

Lady. Please you, Madam——

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed ——
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by four o'th' clock,
I pr'ythee, call me——sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, Gods;
From fairiers, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, 'beseech ye.

[Sleeps.]

[Iachimo rises from the trunk.]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss——rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!——'tis her breathing, that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'th' taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
'To see th' inclosed light, now canopy'd
Under these windows: white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heav'n's own tinct.——But my design's
To note the chamber——I will write all down,
Such, and such, pictures——there, the window,—such
Th' adornment of her bed——the arras, figures——
Why, such and such—and the contents o'th' story——
Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify, t'enrich my inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!

And

And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off.—

[Taking off her bracelet.]

As flipp'ry, as the Gordian knot was hard.—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To th' madding of her Lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think, I've pick'd the lock; and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more—to what end?
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry? She hath been reading, late,
The tale of *Tereus*; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where *Philomel* gave up—I have enough:—
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragon's of the night! that dawning
May bear the raven's eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. *[Clock strikes.*
One, two, three: time, time!

[Goes into the trunk, the Scene closes.]

SCENE changes to another part of the Palace,
facing Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1 Lord. **Y**OUR Lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose,

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble
temper of your lordship; you are most hot, and furious,
when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I
could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have gold enough:
It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would, this musick would come: I am advis'd
to give her musick o'mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air with admirable rich words to it; and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On challic'd flowers that lies:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone—if this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot chuse but take this service I have done, fatherly. Good-morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musicks, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King,
 Who lets go by no vantages, that may
 Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
 To orderly sollicit; and be friended
 With aptness of the season; make denials
 Encrease your services; so seem, as if
 You were inspir'd to do those duties, which
 You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
 Save when command to your dismissal tends,
 And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from Rome;
 The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
 But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
 According to the honour of his sender;
 And towards himself, his goodness fore-spent on us,
 We must extend our notice:——Our dear son,
 When you have giv'n good morning to your mistress,
 Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
 T'employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our Queen.
[Exeunt.]

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lie still, and dream. By your leave, ho!

[Knocks.]

I know, her women are about her——what,
 If I do line one of their hands?——'tis gold,
 Which buys admittance, (oft it doth,) yea, makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to th' stand o'th' stealer: and 'tis gold,
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true-man: What
 Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me, for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 By your leave.——

[Knocks.]

Enter

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose taylors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: what's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person; is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you, sell me your good report.

Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The princess——

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me——'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin; (8)
I will not.

Imo.

(8) *To leave you in your Madness, 'twere my Sin;
I will not.*

Imo. *Fools are not Madfolks.*

Clot. *Do you call me Fool?*

Imo. *As I am mad, I do.]*

But does she really call him Fool? The soundest Logician would be
puzzled

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am so near the lack of charity
T' accuse myself, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father; for
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th' court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary,) in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o'th' crown; and must not foil
The precious note of it with a base slave,

puzzled to find it out, as the Text stands. The reasoning is perplexed in a slight Corruption; and we must restore, as Mr. Warburton likewise saw,

Fools cure not Madfolks.

You are mad, says he, and it would be a Crime in me to leave you to yourself.—— Nay, says she, why should you stay? A Fool never cured Madness.—— Do you call me Fool? replies he, &c. All this is easy and natural. And that *cure* was certainly the Poet's Word, I think, is very evident from what *Imogen* immediately subjoins.

*If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
That cures us both.*

i. e. If you'll cease to torture me with your foolish Sollicitations, I'll cease to shew towards you any thing like Madness: so a double cure will be affected, of your Folly, and my supposed Frenzy.

A hilding

A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth ;
A pantler ; not so eminent.——

Imo. Prophane fellow !

Wert thou the son of *Jupiter*, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his realm ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipt his body, 's dearer
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, *Pisanio* ?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment ? now, the devil——

Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hie thee presently.

Clot. His garment ?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worse—go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy master's. 'Shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any King in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw't this morning ; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on my arm ; I kissed it.
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiss ought but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so ; go, and search.

Clot. You have abus'd me——
His meanest garment ?——

Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir ;
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too ;

She's

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clot. I'll be reveng'd, —
His meanest garment? — well. [Exit.

SCENE changes to ROME.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. **F**ear it not, Sir; I would, I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish,
That warmer days would come; in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er-pays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's commission thoroughly. And, I think, (9)
He'll grant the tribute; send th' arrearages,
E'er look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this shall prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in *Gallia*, sooner landed

(9) ----- *And, I think,*
He'll grant the Tribute, send th' Arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose Remembrance
Is yet fresh in their Grief]

What a strange loose Inference do the Editors here make *Philario*
guilty of, that *Cymbeline* would do one Thing, or t'other; either
submit to pay Tribute, or dispute the Demand at Sword's Point?
Who doubts it? But this was none of the Speaker's Meaning:
he would give it as his Thought, that the *Britains* would pay,
e'er they would contest the Matter: and so I have reformed the
Text.

In

In our not-fearing *Britaine*, than have tidings
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
 Are men more order'd, than when *Julius Cæsar*
 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy of frowning at. Their discipline,
 Now mingled with their courages, will make known
 To their approvers, they are people such
 As mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See, *Iachimo*.——

Post. Sure, the swift harts have posted you by land,
 And winds of all the corners kifs'd your sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
 The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
 Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
 Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
 And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. The tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britaine* Court,
 When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
 But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
 Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not
 Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I've lost it,
 I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
 I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy
 A second night of such sweet shortness, which
 Was mine in *Britaine*; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
 Your lady being so easy.

Post.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loss your sport; I hope, you know, that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant,
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses
Your sword or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,——
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess,
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her *Roman*,
And *Cydnus* swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride:——A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Most justify my knowledge.

Post.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber : and the chimney-piece,
Chast *Dian*, bathing ; never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves ; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb, out-went her ;
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap ;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted : Th' andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. What's this t' her honour ? (10)
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
Praise be to your remembrance, the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can [Pulling out the Bracelet.
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel ; see !——
And now 'tis up again ; it must be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

(10) ———— This is her honour :

Let it be granted you have seen all this, &c.]

Iachimo impudently pretends to have carried his Point ; and, in confirmation, is very minute in describing to the Husband all the Furniture and Adornments of his Wife's Bed-chamber. But how is fine Furniture any ways a Princess's Honour ? It is an *Apparatus* suitable to her Dignity, but certainly makes no part of her Character. It might have been called her Father's Honour, that her Allotments were proportioned to her Rank and Quality. I am persuaded, the Poet intended *Posthumus* should say ; " This particular Description, which you make, can't convince me that I have lost my Wager : Your Memory is good ; and some of these Things you may have learned from a third Hand, or seen yourself ; yet I expect Proofs more direct and authentick." I think, there is little Question but we ought to restore the place as I have done.

————— What's this t' her Honour ?

Post.

Post. Jove!

Once more let me behold it: Is it that,
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She stripp'd it from her arm, I see her yet,
Her pretty action did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't; let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false!—

Phil. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stoll'n it from her.

Post. Very true,
And so, I hope, he came by't;—back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears.
'Tis true—nay, keep the ring—'tis true; I'm sure,
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And, by a stranger!—no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly;
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient;

This

This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of.—

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kist it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick.
Count not the turns: once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lye.
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't i'th' Court before
Her father—I'll do something—

[Exit.]

Phil. Quite besides
The government of patience! you have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? we are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where,
When I was stamp. Some coyner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd

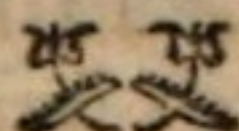
The

The *Dian* of that time; so doth my wife
 The non-pareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*—that I thought her
 As chaste, as unsmunn'd snow. Oh, all the Devils!
 This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour—was't not?—
 Or less: at first? perchance, he spoke not, but
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a *German* one, (11)
 Cry'd, oh! and mounted: found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me—for there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,
 It is the woman's part: be't lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, flanders, mutability:
 All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all.—For even
 to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them;—yet 'tis greater skill,
 In a true hate, to pray, they have their will;
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

(11) *Like a full-acorn'd Boar, a churning on,*

This is Mr. *Hope's* Reading without any Authority. A *Jermen* one, in the first Editions, (says he,) since alter'd to a *German* one. ----- And why not, pray? Is not *Westphalia* a part of *Germany*? And where are Boars more delicately fed, or more likely to be rank and hot after the Female, than *German* ones?





A C T III.

S C E N E, Cymbeline's *Palace*.

Enter, in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door; and at another Caius Lucius and attendants.

CYMBELINE.

NOW say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us?
Luc. When *Julius Cæsar*, (whose remembrance yet
 Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
 Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this *Britaine*,
 And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan* thine uncle,
 (Famous in *Cæsar's* praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it) for him,
 And his succession, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel?
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæsars*,
 Ere such another *Julius*: *Britaine* is
 A world by't self: and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume
 We have again. Remember, Sir, my Liege,
 The Kings your ancestors: together with
 The nat'ral Brav'ry of your Isle; which stands,
 As *Neptune's* park, ribbed and paled in
 With oaks unscalable, and roaring waters;
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to th' top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag

Of,

Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*. With shame,
 (The first, that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our coast, 'twice beaten; and his shipping,
 (Poor ignorant baubles,) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily against our rocks. For joy whereof,
 The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point
 (Oh, giglet fortune!) to master *Cæsar's* sword,
 Made *Lud's* town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And *Britons* strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid.
 Our Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
 and, as I said, there is no more such *Cæsars*; other of
 them may have crook'd noses, but, to own such strait
 arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard
 as *Cassibelan*; I do not say, I am one; but I have a
 hand. — Why, tribute? why should we pay tribute?
 if *Cæsar* can hide the Sun from us with a blanket, or
 put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute
 for light; else, Sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 'Till the injurious *Roman* did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free. *Cæsar's* ambition,
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o'th' world, against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people (which we reckon
 Ourselves to be) to do. Say then to *Cæsar*,
 Our ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, who
 Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of *Cæsar*
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though *Rome* be therefore angry: That *Mulmutius*,
 Who was the first of *Britaine*, which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a King.

Luc. I'm sorry, *Cymbeline*,

L 2

That

That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar*
 (*Cæsar*, that hath more Kings his servants, than
 Thyself domestick officers) thine enemy.
 Receive it from me then.—War and confusion
 In *Cæsar*'s name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
 For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*;
 Thy *Cæsar* knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
 Which he to seek of me again perforce,
 Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
 That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
 Which, not to read, would shew the *Britons* cold:
 So *Cæsar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
 with us a day or two, or longer: If you seek us after-
 wards on other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water
 girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall
 in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you;
 and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.——

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
 All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pisanio, reading a Letter.

Pis. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not,
 What monsters have accus'd her? *Leonatus*!
 Oh master, what a strange infection
 Is fall'n into thy ear? what false *Italian*,
 (As pois'nous-tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing!—Disloyal? no,
 She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes
 More goddess-like, than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue. Oh, my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were

Thy

Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her?
 Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command!—I, her!—her blood!
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable——How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't—the letter,*
[Reading.]

*That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity.——Damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble!
 Art thou a foedarie for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.*

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus*:
 Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars, as I his characters:
 He'd lay the future open.——You good Gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my Lord's health, of his content:——(yet not,
 That we two are asunder; let that grieve him!
 Some griefs are medicinal; that is one of them, (12)
 For it doth physick love:)——of his content,
 All but in that.——Good wax, thy leave,——Blest be
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,

(12) *Some Griefs are medicinal, that is one of them,
 For it doth physick Love of his Content,
 All but in that.]*

Thus Mr. *Pope* has wisely pointed this Passage in his Quarto Edition of our Poet: by which it is demonstrable, he did not understand it. If Grief *physicks Love of his Content*, then it purges his Content away, which is by no means our Author's meaning. All the Editions have confounded the Sense by a bad Pointing: I have reformed the whole Context to Sense and Perspicuity.

And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
 Though forfeitures you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young *Cupid's* tables: good news, Gods!

[Reading.

JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, should be take
 me in his Dominion, could not be so cruel to me; but
 you, oh the dearest of creatures, would even renew me
 with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in *Cambria*, at
Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this
 advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that
 remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love;

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh, for a horse with wings! hear'st thou, *Pisanio*?
 He is at *Milford-Haven*: read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? then, true *Pisanio*,
 Who long'st like me to see thy Lord? who long'st,
 (Oh, let me 'bate) but not like me; yet long'st, —
 But in a fainter kind — oh not like me;
 For mine's beyond, beyond — Say, and speak thick;
 Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
 To th' smoth'ring of the Sense — how far it is
 To this same blessed *Milford*: and, by th' way,
 Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
 T' inherit such a haven. But, first of all,
 How may we steal from hence? and for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence going
 'Till our return, t'excuse — but first, how get hence?
 Why should excuse be born, or ere begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
 Madam, 's enough for you: and too much too,

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
 Could never go so slow: I've heard of riding wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands

That

That run i'th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say,
She'll home t' her father: and provide me, present,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A *Franklin's* housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here, (13)
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in ken,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but *Milford* way. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to a Forest with a Cave, in
Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A Goodly day! not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours: see, boys! this gate
Instructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We house i'th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

(13) *I see before me, Man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a Fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'.]*

Where is the Substantive, to which this Relative plural, *them*, can possibly have any Reference? There is None; and the Sense, as well as Grammar, is defective. I have ventured to restore, against the Authority of the printed Copies,

————— but have a Fog in Ken,
That I cannot look thro'.

Imogen would say, "Do not talk of considering, Man; I neither see
" present Events, nor Consequences; but am in a Mist of Fortune,
" and resolved to proceed on the Project determined. *In Ken*, means,
" in prospect, within Sight, before my Eyes."

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport, up to yond hill,
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
That it is *place* which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts, of Princes, of the tricks in war;
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold,
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor, unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor know,
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life is best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known: well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison, for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark *December*? how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We're beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel.

Bel. How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb,
Is certain falling; or so slipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war;
A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
I'th' name of fame and honour; which dies i'th' search,
And hath as oft a fland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time,
Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse,
Must curt'sy at the censure:—Oh, boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With *Roman* swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theam, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves;
And left me bare to weather,

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains (whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was confed'rate with the *Romans*: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, these twenty years,
This rock and these demeasnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters' language; he, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state:

I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt Guid. and Arvir.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!

These boys know little, they are sons to th' King;

Nor *Cymbeline* dreams, that they are alive.
 They think, they're mine; tho' trained up thus meanly (14)
 I'th' cave, there, on the brow, their thoughts do hit
 The roof of palaces; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
 (The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britaine*, whom
 The King his father call'd *Guiderius*,) *Jove!*——
 When on my three-foot-stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say, "thus mine enemy fell,
 "And thus I set my foot on's neck"——even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words——The younger brother *Cadwal*,
 (Once, *Arviragus*,) in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd.——
 Oh *Cymbeline*! heav'n and my conscience know,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'ft me of my lands. *Euriphile*,
 Thou wast their nurse; they take thee for their mother,

(14) ——tho' trained up thus meanly

Here in the Cave, wherein their Thoughts do hit
 The Roof of Palaces.——]

Thus Mr. *Pope*; but the Sentence breaks off imperfectly. The old Editions read,

I'th' Cave, whereon the Bow their Thoughts do hit, &c.

Mr. *Rowe* saw, this likewise was faulty; and therefore amended it thus:

I'th' Cave, where on the Bow, their thoughts do hit, &c.

I think, it should be only with the Alteration of one Letter, and the Addition of another;

I'th' Cave, there, on the Brow,

And so the Grammar and Syntax of the Sentence is compleat. We call the *Arch*ing of a Cavern, or *Overbanging* of a Hill, metaphorically, the *Brow*; and in like manner the *Greeks* and *Latines* used *ὀφρὺς*, and *Supercilium*.

And

And every day do honour to thy grave;
 Myself *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game's up. [Exit.

Enter Pisanio, and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
 Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now ——— *Pisanio*,
 Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus? wherefore breaks that sigh
 From th' inward of thee? one, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
 Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses ——— what's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? if't be summer news,
 Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
 That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be e'en mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

THY mistress, Pifano, hath play'd the strumpet in my
 bed: the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I
 speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as
 my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part
 thou, Pifanio, must act for me. If thy faith be not tainted
 with the breach of hers, let thine hands take away her life:
 I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath
 my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike,
 and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to
 her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander; Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*; whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and states, Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave This viperous slander enters. What cheer, Madam?

Imo. False to his bed! what is it to be false? To lie in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature, To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry myself awake? that false to's bed!

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? thy conscience witness, *Iachimo*,— Thou didst accuse him of incontinency, Thou then look'dst like a villain: now, methinks, Thy favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy* (Whose mother was her painting) hath betray'd him: Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls, I must be ript: to pieces with me: oh, Men's vows are women's traitors.—All good seeming By thy revolt, oh husband, shall be thought Put on for villany: not born, where't grows; But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Madam, hear me—

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Aeneas*, Were in his time thought false: and *Sinen's* weeping Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity From most true wretchedness. So thou, *Posthumus*, Wilt lay the leven to all proper men; Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd, From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest, Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him, A little witness my obedience. Look! I draw the sword myself, take it, and hit The innocent mansion of my love, my heart; Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief; Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,

The

The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike ;
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;
And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand : come, here's my heart—
(Something's afore't—soft, soft, we'll no defence ;)

[Opening her breast,
Obedient as the scabbard !—What is here ?
The scriptures of the loyal *Leonatas*
All turn'd to heresy ? away, away,

[Pulling his letters out of her bosom.
Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart : thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers : tho' those, that are betray'd,
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, *Posthumus*,
That set my disobedience 'gainst the King,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find,
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch ;
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife ?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious Lady !
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine eye-balls first.

Imo. Ah, wherefore then
Didst undertake it ? why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence ? this place ?

Mine

Mine action ? and thine own ? our horses' labour ?
 The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent ? whereunto I never
 Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 Th' elected deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment, in the which
 I have consider'd of a course ; good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak,
 I've heard, I am a strumpet ; and mine ear
 (Therein false struck) can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But, speak.

Pis. Then, Madam,
 I thought, you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
 Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither ;
 But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well ; it cannot be,
 But that my master is abus'd ; some villain,
 And singular in his art, hath done you both
 This cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman Courtezan——

Pis. No, on my life.
 I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
 Some bloody sign of it : for 'tis commanded,
 I should do so. You shall be miss'd at court,
 And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
 What shall I do the while ? where 'bide ? how live ?
 Or, in my life what comfort, when I am
 Dead to my husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to th' court——

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado
 With that harsh, noble, simple, Nothing, *Cloten* :
 That *Cloten*, whose love-suit hath been to me
 As fearful as a siege.

Pis.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in *Britaine* must you 'bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britaine* all the fun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in *Britaine*? I'th' world's volume
Our *Britaine* seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think,
There's living out of *Britaine*.

Pis. I'm most glad,
You think of other place: th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To-morrow. (15) Now, if you could wear a mien
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That, which, t'appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible,
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh! for such means,
(Though peril to my modesty, not death on't)
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) to waggish courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and

(15) ——— Now, if you could wear a Mind
Dark as your Fortune is.] But the Disguise of her Person is
the only Thing which *Pisano* is here advising; not that she should
stifle any Qualifications of Beauties of her Mind, I therefore think,
we may safely read;

—— Now, if you could wear a Mien
Dark as your Fortune is,

Or, according to the *French* Orthography, from whence, I presume,
arose the Corruption;

Now, if you could wear a Mine.

Mr. Warburton.

As

As quarrellous as the weazel : (16) nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek ;
 Exposing it (but, oh, the harder Hap !
 Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing *Titan* ; and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :
 I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

Pis. First make yourself but like one.
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
 ('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them. 'Would you in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble *Lucius*
 Present yourself, desire his service, (17) tell him
 Wherein

(16) ———— nay, you must
*Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek ;
 Exposing it, (but oh the harder Heart,
 Alack, no Remedy.]* Now, who does this *Harder Heart* re-
 late to ? *Posthumus* is not here talk'd of, besides, he knew Nothing
 of her being thus exposed to the Inclemencies of Weather : He had
 enjoined a Course, which would have secured her from these in-
 cidental Hardships. I think, common sense obliges us to read :

But, oh, the harder Hap !

i. e. the more cruel your Fortune, that you must be obliged to such
 Shifts. Mr. Warburton.

(17) ———— tell him,
*Wherein you're bappy, which will make him know,
 If that his Head have ear in Musick, doubtless
 With joy he will embrace you ;]* Thus, all the Editions :
 But, surely, the Passage is faulty both in the Text and Pointing.
Which will make him know, what ? What Connection has this with
 the rest of the Sentence ? *Shakespeare* cannot be suspected, certain-
 ly, of so bald a Meaning as this ; *If you'll tell him wherein you are
 bappy, That will make him know wherein you're bappy :* and yet,
 this is the only Meaning, I think, the Words can carry, as
 they now stand. I take the Poet's Sense to be this *Pisano*
 tells *Imogen*, if she would disguise herself in the Habit of a Youth,
 present

Wherein you're happy ; (which will make him so,
If that his head have ear in musick ;) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supply.

Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away,
There's more to be consider'd ; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell ;
Left, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble Mistress,
Here is a box ; I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious : if you're sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood ; may the Gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee. [Exeunt, severally.]

S C E N E *changes to the Palace of Cymbeline.*

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. **T**HUS far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.
My Emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;

present herself before *Lucius* the Roman General, offer her Service,
and tell him wherein she was happy, i. e. what an excellent Talent
she had in Singing ; this would make him happy, if he had an Ear
for Musick, and he would gladly receive her. For, afterwards,
Belarius and *Arviragus*, talking of *Imogen*, give this Description of
her, whom they take for a Boy.

Bel. This Youth, howe'er distressed, seems to have had
Good Ancestors.

Arv. How Angel-like he sings !

And

And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-kinglike.

Luc. So, Sir: I desire of you
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven*.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you!

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:
So farewell, noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Th' event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have cross'd the *Severn*. Happiness!

[*Exit Lucius, &c.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have giv'n him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant *Britons* have their wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness;
The powers, that he already hath in *Gallia*,
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britaine*.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation, that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in sufferance. [*Exit a Servant.*

Queen.

Queen. Royal Sir,
 Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
 Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my Lord,
 'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your Majesty,
 Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
 So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
 And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? how
 Can her contempt be answer'd?

Serv. Please you, Sir,
 Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
 That will be given to th' loudest noise we make.

Queen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
 She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
 Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
 She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
 Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
 She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
 Made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
 Not seen of late? grant heav'ns, that, which I fear,
 Prove false! [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisano*, her old servant,
 I have not seen these two days. [Exit.]

Queen. Go, look after——

Pisano, thou that standst so for *Posthumus*!——
 He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his absence
 Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes,
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 Where is she gone? haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
 Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
 To her desir'd *Posthumus*; gone she is
 To death, or to dishonour; and my end
 Can make good use of either. She being down,
 I have the placing of the *British* crown.

Re-enter

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day! [*Exit Queen.*]

Clot. I love, and hate her;—for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from each one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-sells them all: I love her therefore;—but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low *Posthumus*, flanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall——

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? what! are you packing, firrah?
Come hither; ah! you precious pander, villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

[*Drawing his Sword.*]

Pis. Oh, my good Lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him? when was she miss'd?
He is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? come nearer;
No farther halting; satisfy me home,
What is become of her.

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord!

Clot.

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word; no more of *worthy Lord*.
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Even to *Augustus'* throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } [*Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humph.

Pis. I'll write to my Lord, she's dead. Oh, } [*Aside.*
Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus'* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if
thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service;
undergo those employments, wherein I should have
cause to use thee, with a serious industry; that is, what
villainy so'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and
truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst
neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for
thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that
beggar *Posthumus*, thou canst not in the course of
gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt
thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any
of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my Lord, at my lodging, the same suit
he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit
hither; let it be thy first service, go.

Pis.

Pis. I shall, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven*?—(I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember anon;) even there, thou villain *Posthumus*, will I kill thee. I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of *Posthumus* in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her eyes—(there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt.) He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body;—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Pisanio, with a suit of clothes.

Be those the garments?

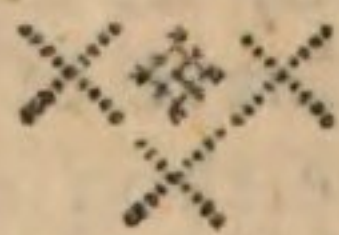
Pis. Ay, my noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to *Milford-Haven*?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and due preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, 'would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To *Milford* go, And find not her, whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heav'nly blessings on her! this fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*



S C E N E

SCENE *changes to the Forest and Cave.*

Enter Imogen, in boy's cloaths.

Imo. I See, a man's life is a tedious one :
 I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
 But that my resolution helps me. *Milford,*
 When from the mountain top *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
 Thou wast within a ken. — O *Jove*, I think,
 Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
 Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
 I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lye,
 That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial? yes; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness
 Is forer, than to lye for need; and falsehood
 Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord!
 Thou'rt one o'th' false ones; now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
 At point to sink for food. But what is this?

[Seeing the Cave.]

Here is a path to't—'tis some savage hold;
 'Twere best, not call; I dare not call; yet famine
 Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take, or lend—ho! no answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Grant such a foe, good heav'ns! *[She goes into the Cave.]*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast; *Cadwal* and I
 Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
 Will

Will make what's homely savoury; weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.

Arw. I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i'th' cave, we'll brouze on that,
Whilst what, we've kill'd, be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in— [Looking in.]
But that it eats our victuals, I should think,
It were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By *Jupiter*, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly Paragon. Behold divineness
No elder than a boy.—

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth,
I have stoll'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold strew'd i'th' floor. Here's money for my meat;
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted thence
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arw. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty Gods.

Imo. I see, you're angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To *Milford-Haven*.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir; I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy*: he embark'd at *Milford*;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I'm fall'n in this offence.

Bel.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woe hard, but be your groom in honesty;
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. (18) 'Mongst friends,
If brothers;—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize } *Aside.*
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger, Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue

(18) *Imo.* -----'Mongst Friends?

*If Brothers, 'would it had been so, that they
Had been my Father's Sons.]*

I cannot think this the Poet's Pointing, and therefore have ventured to reform it. *Arviragus* had said, he would love *Imogen* as a Brother, gives her a Welcome as such, and tells her, she is fall'n among Friends.-----Among Friends indeed, replies she very naturally, if I am to stand in the Rank of a Brother. Then striking into a private Reflection on having lost her own Brothers, she wishes, these two kind Youths were but her Father's Sons.

Which their own conscience seal'd them ; (19) laying by
That nothing-gift of deferring multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain.—Pardon me, Gods !
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is false.

Bel. It shall be so :

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in ;
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we've sup'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak.

Guid. I pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark, less
welcome !

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Rome.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. **T**His is the tenor of the Emperor's writ ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*,
And that the legions now in *Gallia* are
Full weak to undertake our war against

(19) ----- laying by
*That Nothing-Gift of differing Multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain.*]

The only Idea, that *differing* can here convey, is, variable, changing
Multitudes ; but then what is the Nothing-Gift which they are sup-
posed to bestow ? The Poet must mean, that Court, that obsequious
Adoration, which the shifting Vulgar pay to the Great, is a Tribute
of no Price or Value. I am persuaded therefore, our Poet coin'd
this Participle from the *French* Verb, and wrote

That Nothing-Gift of deferring Multitudes,

i. e. obsequious, paying Deference. — — Deferer, *Ceder par Respect
a quelcun, obeir, condescendere, &c.* Deferent, *civil, specieux, &c.*
RICHELET.

The

The fall'n-off *Britons*; that we do incite
 The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Pro-consul; (20) and to you, the tribunes,
 For this immediate levy, he commends
 His absolute commission. Long live *Cæsar*!

Tri. Is *Lucius* Gen'ral of the forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

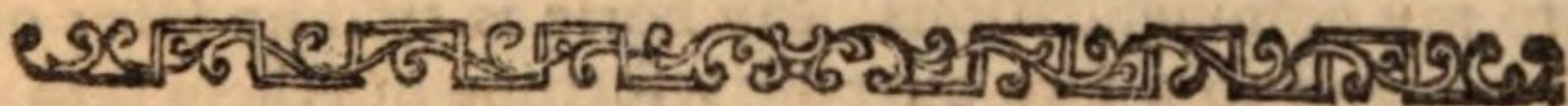
Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia*?

1 *Sen.* With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
 Must be suppliant: The words of your commission
 Will tie you to the numbers and the time
 Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV.

SCENE, *the Forest in Wales.*

Enter Cloten alone.

I AM near to th' place where they should meet, if
Pisano have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments
 serve me! why should his mistress, who was made by
 him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather,
 (saving reverence of the word,) because, 'tis said, a woman's

(20) ————— *And to you, the Tribunes*

For this immediate Levy, he commands

His absolute Commission.]

Commands *his Commission* is such a Phrase as *Shakespear* would hardly
 have us'd. I have, by Mr. *Warburton's* Advice, ventur'd to substi-
 tute;

--- ----- *he commends*

His absolute Commission.

i. e. he recommends the Care of making this Levy to you; and
 gives you an absolute Commission for so doing.

fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman; I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber; I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despight. What mortality is! *Posthumus*, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who, may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: out, sword, and to a fore purpose! fortune put them into my hand; this is the very description of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. *[Exit.]*

SCENE changes to the Front of the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen, from the Cave.

Bel. **Y**OU are not well: remain here in the cave; We'll come t'you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: *[To Imogen.]*

Are we not brothers? —

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,

Since

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here,
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee: I have spoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love reasons without reason. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
"My father, not this youth."

Bel. O noble strain!

O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things fire the base:
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me!——
'Tis the ninth hour o'th' morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health——so please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard!
Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, oh, how thou disprov'st report.——
'Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish;
I am sick still, heart-sick——*Pisano,*
I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the phial.*]

Guid. I could not stir him;
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field:
We'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [Exit Imogen, to the Cave.

Bel. And shall be ever.
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears to have had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!

Arv. He cut out roots in characters;
And fauc'd our broth, as *Juno* had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile:
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the encreasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away: who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find these runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me.—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o'th' Queen; I fear some ambush—
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know, 'tis he: we're held as out-laws; hence.

Guid. He is but one; you and my brother search
What companies are near; pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.

Clot. Soft! what are you,
That fly me thus? some villain-mountaneer.—
I've heard of such. What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering

A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain ; yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom ? to thee ? what art thou ? have not I
An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger : for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee ?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes ?

Guid. No, nor thy taylor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather ; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet !
My taylor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;
I'm loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name ?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it ; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to th' Queen.

Guid. I'm sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid ?

Guid. Those that I rev'rence, those I fear ; the wise :
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death !——

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of *Lud's* town set your heads ;
Yield, rustick mountaineer. [Fight, and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute,
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them;
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say, he is so fell.

Bel. (21) Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, with Cloten's Head.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in't; not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:

(21) ——— Being scarce made up,
I mean, to Man, he had not Apprehension
Of roaring Terrors; for defect of Judgment
Is oft the Cause of Fear.]

If I understand this Passage, it is mock-reasoning as it stands, and the Text must have been slightly corrupted. *Belarius* is giving a Description of what *Cloten* formerly was; and in Answer to what *Arviragus* says of *his being so fell*. “Ay, says, *Belarius*, he was so
“fell, and being scarce then at Man's Estate, he had no Appre-
“hension of roaring Terrors, i. e. of any thing that could check
“him with Fears.” But then, how does the Inference come in, built upon this? *For Defect of Judgment is oft the Cause of Fear*. I think, the Poet meant to have said the mere contrary. *Cloten* was defective in Judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehensions of Fear grow from a Judgment in weighing Dangers. And a very easy Change, from the Traces of the Letters, gives us this Sense, and reconciles the Reasoning of the whole Passage.

————— For th' Effect of Judgment
Is oft the Cause of Fear.

Yet

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I'm perfect, what; cut off one *Cloten's* head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in;
Displace our heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they grow,
And set them on *Lud's* town.

Bel. We're all undone!

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But what he swore to take, our lives? the law
Protects not us; then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
For we do fear the law. What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. (22) Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; yet not his frenzy,
Not absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone; although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, haunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear,
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, nor he so undertaking,
Nor they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,

(22) ——— *Tho' his Honour*

Was nothing but Mutation, &c.]

What has his *Honour* to do here, in his being changeable in this
sort? in his acting as a Madman, or not? I have ventured to sub-
stitute *Humour*, against the Authority of the printed Copies; and
the Meaning seems plainly this. “ Though he was always fickle
“ to the last degree, and governed by *Humour*, not sound Sense;
“ yet not Madness itself could make him so hardy to attempt an
“ Enterprize of this Nature alone, and unseconded.”

If I do fear, this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come, as the Gods foresay it; howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele's* sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the Queen's son, *Cloten*.
That's all I reckon. [Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, *Paladour*, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me! *Paladour*,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
'Thou'st robb'd me of this deed; I would, revenges,
'That possible strength might meet, would seek us thro',
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee, to our rock,
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till hasty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick *Fidele*!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! they are as gentle,
As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
(Their royal blood enchas'd,) as the rud'st wind,
'That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

And

And make him stoop to th' vale——'Tis wonderful,
That an invifible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them; but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd. Yet ſtill it's ſtrange
What *Cloten's* being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have ſent *Cloten's* clot-pole down the ſtream,
In embaffy to his mother; his body's hoſtage
For his return. [Solemn muſick.]

Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
Hark, *Paladour*! it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'ſt
mother,
It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should answer ſolemn accidents. The matter?——
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwal* mad?

*Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her
in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occaſion, in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made ſo much on! I had rather
Have ſkipt from ſixteen years of age to fixty;
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.

Guid. Oh ſweeteſt, faireſt lily!

My

My brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. (23) O melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carrack
Might eas'liest harbour in?—thou blessed thing!
Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made; but ah!
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber!
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O'th' floor:

His arms thus leagu'd; I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near thee.

Arv. With fairest flow'rs,
'Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale *Primrose*; nor
The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins; no, nor

(23) *Oh, Melancholy!*

*Who ever yet could sound thy Bottom? find
The Ooze to shew what Coast thy sluggish Care
Might eas'liest harbour in?*

But as plausible as this at first sight may seem, all those, who
know any thing of good Writing, will agree, that our Author must
have wrote;

—— to shew what Coast thy sluggish Carrack
Might eas'liest harbour in?

Carrack is a slow, heavy built, Vessel of Burden. This restores the
Uniformity of the Metaphor, compleats the Sense, and is a Word
of great Propriety and Beauty to design a melancholic Person.

Mr. Warburton.

The

The leaf of *Eglantine* ; which not to slander,
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. (24) The Raddock would
 With charitable bill, (oh bill, fore-shaming
 Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
 Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,
 Those winter-gown thy coarse.——

Guid. Pr'ythee, have done ;
 And do not play in wench-like words with that
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
 And not protract with admiration what
 Is now due debt.——To th' grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :

And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
 Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground ;
 As, once, our mother : use like note, and words,
 Save that *Euriphile* must be *Fidele*.

Guid. *Cadwal*,
 I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee ;
 For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
 Than Priests and Fanes that lye.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less. For *Cloten*
 Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys,
 And though he came our enemy, remember,
 Was paid for that : the mean and mighty, rotting

(14) —— *The Raddock would,*

With charitable Bill, bring thee all this ;

Yea, and furr'd Moss besides. When Flow'rs are none

To winter-ground thy Coarse——]

Here, again, the Metaphor is strangely mangled. What Sense is there in *winter-grounding* a Coarse with Moss ? A Coarse might indeed be said to be *winter-grounded* in good thick Clay. But the Epithet *furr'd* to Moss directs us plainly to another Reading.

The Winter-gown thy Coarse.

i. e. Thy Summer Habit shall be a light Gown of Flowers, thy Winter Habit a good warm furr'd Gown of Moss. Mr. Warburton.

Together,

Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
 (That angel of the world) doth make distinction
 Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
 And though you took his life, as being our foe,
 Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Guid. Pray, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as *Ajax*,
 When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
 We'll say our song the whilst: Brother, begin.

Guid. Nay, *Cadwal*, we must lay his head to th' East;
 My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

S O N G.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o'th' sun,

Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

Golden lads and girls all must,

As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o'th' great,

Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;

Care no more to cloathe and eat;

To thee the reed is as the oak:

The scepter, learning, physick, must

All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning-flash.

Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone.

Guid. Fear no slander, censure rash.

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Both. All lovers young, all lovers, must

Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guid. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Guid. Ghost, unlaid, forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both.

Both. *Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy Grave!*

Enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'th' night,
Are strewings fitt'ft for graves.—Upon their faces—
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even so
These herbelets shall, which we upon you strow.
Come on, away, apart upon our knees——
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

Imogen, awaking.

Imo. Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way?—
I thank you——by yond bush?——pray, how far
thither?——

'Ods pittikins——can it be fix mile yet?——
I've gone all night——'faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow.——Oh Gods, and Goddesse!
[*Seeing the body.*

These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't——I hope, I dream;
For, sure, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, oh Gods! a part of it!
The dream's here still; ev'n when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!——the garments of *Posthumus*?
I know the shape of's leg, this is his hand,
His foot *mercurial*, his *martial* thigh,
The brawns of *Hercules*: but his *jovial* face——
Murder in heaven?—how!—'tis gone!—*Pisanio*!—

All

All curses madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
 'Twas thou, conspiring with that devil *Cloten*,
 Hast here cut off my Lord. To write, and read
 Be henceforth treach'rous!---Damn'd *Pisanio*
 Hath with his forged letters---damn'd *Pisanio*!——
 From this the bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top! oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? ah me, where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left his head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?---
 'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*'s. Oh!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in *Gallia*,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
 You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your ships:
 They are in readness,

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
 And gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service: and they come
 Under the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness
 Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
 Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, Sir,
 What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision.

(I fast,

(I fast, and pray'd for their intelligence)
 I saw *Jove's* bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing'd
 From the spungy south, to this part of the west,
 There vanish'd in the sun-beams; which portends
 (Unless my sins abuse my divination)
 Success to th' *Roman* host.

Luc. Dream often so.

And never false!—Soft, ho, what trunk is here
 Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
 It was a worthy building. How! a page!—
 Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead, rather:
 For nature doth abhor to make his couch
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
 Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
 Inform us of thy fortunes, for, it seems,
 They crave to be demanded: who is this,
 Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? who was he,
 That, otherwise than noble nature did,
 Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest
 In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
 What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
 Nothing to be, were better. This was my master,
 A very valiant *Briton*, and a good,
 That here by mountaineers lies slain: alas!
 There are no more such masters: I may wander
 From east to occident, cry out for service,
 Try many, all good, serve them truly, never
 Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
 Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. *Richard du Champ.* If I do lye, and do
 No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope, [*Aside.*
 They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same;

Thy

Thy name well fits thy faith ; thy faith, thy name :
 Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure,
 No less belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's letters,
 Sent by a consul to me, should no sooner
 Than thine own worth, prefer thee : go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the Gods,
 I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
 As these poor pickaxes can dig : and when
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
 And on it said a century of pray'rs,
 (Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh ;
 And, leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
 And rather father thee, than master thee.
 My friends,
 The boy hath taught us manly duties : let us
 Find out the prettiest daizied-plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partizans
 A grave ; come, arm him : boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
 As soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes :
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *changes to Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. **A** Gain, and bring me word, how 'tis with her ;
 A fever with the absence of her son ;
 Madness, of which her life's in danger ; heav'ns !
 How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
 The great part of my comfort, gone ! my Queen
 Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me ! her son gone,
 So needful for this present ! it strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll force it from thee

By

By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I set it at your will : but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains ; why, gone ;
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your Highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here ;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome ;
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The *Roman* legions, all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with large supply
Of *Roman* gentlemen, by th' senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my Son and Queen !—
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're
ready ;

The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you ; let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away.—

[*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange ;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I,
What is betide to *Cloten* ; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work ;
Wherein I'm false, I'm honest : not true, to be true :
These present wars shall find, I love my country,
Ev'n to the note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them ;

ALL

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd ;
 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to the Forest.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. THE noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
 From action and adventure ?

Guid. Nay, what hope
 Have we in hiding us ? this way the *Romans*
 Must or for *Britons* slay us, or receive us
 For barb'rous and unnatural revolts
 During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
 We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
 To the King's party there's no going ; newness
 Of *Cloten's* death (we being not known, nor muster'd
 Among the bands) may drive us to a render
 Where we have liv'd : and so extort from us
 That which we've done, whose answer would be death
 Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
 (In such a time) nothing becoming you,
 Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
 That when they hear the *Roman* horses neigh,
 Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
 And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
 That they will waste their time upon our note
 To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
 Of many in the army ; many years,
 Though *Cloten* then but young, (you see,) not wore him
 From my remembrance. And, besides, the King
 Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
 Who find in my exile the want of breeding ;
 The certainty of this hard life, ay hopeless

To

To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd ;
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Then be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army ;
I and my brother are not known ; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

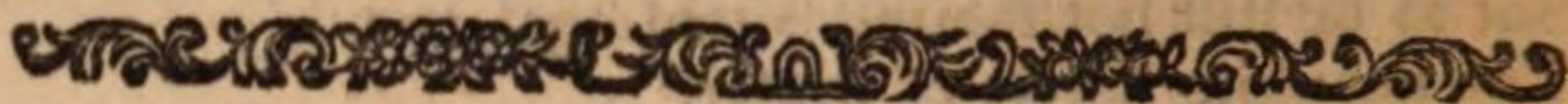
Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither ; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse save one, that had
A rider like myself who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel ? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his best beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go ;
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans* !

Arv. So say I, *Amen*.

Bel. No reason I (since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation) should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys ;
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads : and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead ; the time seems long : their blood thinks scorn
Till it fly out, and shew them Princes born. [*Exeunt.*





A C T V.

SCENE, *a Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

POSTHUMUS.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wisht,
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little? oh, *Pisanio!*
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I ne'er
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you sav'd
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You snatch some hence for faults; that's love;
To have them fall no more:—you some permit (25)
To

(25) ———you some permit

To second Ills with Ills, each worse than other,

And make them dread it, to the Doers' thrift.] The Divi-

nity-Schools have not furnished juster Observations on the Conduct of Providence, than *Posthumus* gives us here in his private Reflections. You Gods, says he, act in a different manner with your different Creatures;

You snatch some hence for little Faults; that's Love;

To have them fall no more.

Others, says our Poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increase in Crimes,

And make them dread it, to the Doers' Thrift.

Here's a Relative without an antecedent Substantive; which is a Breach of Grammar. We must certainly read,

And

To second ill with ill, each worse than other,
 And make them dreaded, to the doers' thrift.—
 But *Imogen's* your own: do your best wills,
 And make me blest t'obey! I am brought hither
 Among th' *Italian* gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom; 'tis enough,
 That, *Britaine*, I have kill'd thy mistress: Peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
 Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these *Italian* weeds, and suit myself
 As does a *Briton* peasant; so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death; and thus unknown,
 Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habits shew;
 Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me!
 To shame the guise o'th' world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door;
 and the British army at another: Leonatus Posthumus
 following like a poor soldier. They march over, and
 go out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo and Post-
 humus; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then
 leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom,
 Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,
 The Princess of this country; and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carle,
 A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me
 In my profession? Knighthoods, and honours borne,
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn;

And make them dreaded, to the Doers' Thrift.

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one Crime with more; which Enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their Advantage. Dignity, Respect, and Profit, accrue to them from Crimes committed with Impunity.

If

If that thy gentry, *Britaine*, go before
 This lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Gods. [*Exit.*]

*The battle continues; the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken;
 then enter to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Ar-
 viragus.*

Bel. Stand, stand; we have th' advantage of the
 ground;
 That lane is guarded; nothing routs us, but
 The villany of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight.

*Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue
 Cymbeline, and Exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
 Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, another Part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. **C**Am'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did.

Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought: the King himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of *Britaine* seen; all flying
 Through a straight lane, the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughter, having work
 More plentiful, than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely

Merely through fear, that the straight pass was damn'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
(An honest one, I warrant,) who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country. 'Thwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads, more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage, cry'd to those that fled,
"Our *Britaine's* harts die flying, not our men;
"To darkness fleet souls, that fly backwards! stand;
"Or we are *Romans*, and will give you that
"Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
"But to look back in frown: stand, stand."—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many;
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing;) with this word, "Stand, stand,"
Accommodated by the place, (more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks;
Part, shame, part, spirit-renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example, (oh, a sin in war;
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o'th' hunters. Then began
A stop i'th' chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles: slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o'th' need; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound
Some slain before, some dying; some, their friends
O'er-borne i'th' former wave; ten, chac'd by one,

Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty ;
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o'th' field.

Lord. This was strange chance,
A narrow lane ! an old man, and two boys !

Post. Nay, do but wonder at it ; you are made (26)
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't ?
And vent it for a mockery ? here is one :

*“ Two boys, an old man, (twice a boy,) a lane,
“ Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.”*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. 'Lack ! to what end ?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend ;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhimes.

Lord. Farewel, you are angry.

[*Exit.*

Post. This is a Lord——oh noble misery,
To be i'th' field, and ask what news, of me !
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To've sav'd their carcasses ? took heel to do't,
And yet died too ? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;
Nor feel him, where he struck. This ugly monster,—
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we,
That draw his knives i'th' war—Well, I will find him :
For being now a favourer to the *Briton*,
No more a *Briton*, I've resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

{26} *Nay, do not wonder at it ; you are made
Rather to wonder at the Things you hear,
Than to work any]*

Sure, this is mock reasoning with a Vengeance. What ! because
he was made fitter to wonder at great Actions, than to perform any,
is he therefore forbid to wonder ? *Not* and *but* are perpetually mis-
taken for one another in the old Editions.

Here

Here made by th' *Roman*; great the answer be,
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken;
 'Tis thought, the old man, and his sons, were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave th' affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
 But none of them can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A *Roman*——
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
 A leg of *Rome* shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his service,
 As if he were of note; bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman captives. The captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Goaler. After which, all go out.

SCENE changes to a Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two goalers.

1 *Gaol.* **Y**OU shall not now be stoll'n, you've locks
 upon you;

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Goal.* Ay, or stomach.

[*Exeunt Goalers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
 I think, to liberty; yet am I better
 Than one that's sick o'th' gout, since he had rather
 Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
 By th' sure physician, death; who is the key
 T'unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd,

More than my shanks and wrists; you good Gods, give me
 The penitent instrument to pick that bolt;
 Then, free for ever. Is't enough, I'm sorry?
 So children temp'ral fathers do appease;
 Gods are more full of mercy.—Must I repent?
 I cannot do it better than in gyves,
 Desir'd, more than constrain'd; to satisfy, (27).
 I d' off my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
 No stricter render of me, than my all.
 I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire.
 For *Imogen's* dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
 You rather, mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel those old bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
 I'll speak to thee in silence.— [He sleeps.]

(27) ———— *To satisfy,*
If of my Freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter Render of me, than my all.]

Nonsense has one happy Property, in that one needs not many Words to be made sensible of it; but it is in this respect, like light, perceived as soon as shewn. Such is the glaring Nonsense of these Lines. What we can discover from them is this, that the Speaker, in a Fit of Penitency towards Heaven, compares his Circumstances with a Debtor's, who is willing to surrender up all to appease his Creditor. This being the Sense in general, I may venture to say, the true Reading must have been thus.

————— *To satisfy,*
I d' off my Freedom; 'tis the main part; take
No stricter Render of me than my all.

The Verb *doff* is too frequently used by our Author to need any Quotations in Proof; and, surely, here with peculiar Elegance. i. e.
 “ To give all the Satisfaction I am able to your offended Godheads,
 “ I voluntarily divest myself of my Freedom: It is the only Thing
 “ I have worth offering by way of Atonement, take no stricter
 “ Render of me than my All.”

Mr. Warburton.

Solemn

Solemn musick: Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lyes sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.——

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father, *Jove*! (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art;)
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From his earth-vexing smart.

Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me my *Posthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity ——

Sici. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair;
That he deserv'd the praise o'th' world,
As great *Sicilius*' heir.

Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In *Britaine* where was he,
That could stand up his parallel,
Or rival object be
In eye of *Imogen*, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mockt,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonatus'* seat, and cast
From her his dearest one?

Sweet *Imogen!* —————

Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needful jealousy,
And to become the geek and scorn
O'th' other's villany?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely and were slain;
Our fealty, and *Tenantius'* right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then, *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, help?
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To th' shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Broth.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—how dare you, ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of *Elysium*, hence and rest

Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd,

No care of yours it is: you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent;
Our *Jovial* star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married: rise, and fade!
He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,

And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein

[Jupiter drops a tablet.]

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;

And so, away;——no farther with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine;

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. *[Ascends.]*

Sici. He came in thunder, his celestial breath

Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us; his ascension is

More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloy's his beak,

As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter*!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd

His radiant roof: away, and to be blest

Let us with care perform his great behest. *[Vanish.]*

Post. *[waking,]* Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire and
begot

A father to me: and thou hast created

A mother and two brothers. But, oh scorn!

Gone—they went hence so soon as they were born ;
 And so I am awake—Poor wretches, that depend
 On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;
 Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve :
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve ;
 And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I
 That have this golden chance, and know not why :
 What fairies haunt this ground ? a book ! oh rare one !
 Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers ;
 As good as promise.

[Reads.]

WHEN as the lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
 without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
 tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt
 branches, which, being dead many years, shall after re-
 vive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then
 shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate,
 and flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff, as madmen
 Tongue, and brain not : (do either both, or nothing ;—)
 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
 As sense cannot untie. But what it is,
 The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
 If but for sympathy.

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir ; if you be ready for
 that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So if it prove a good repast to the spectators,
 the dish pays the shot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir ; but the com-
 fort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear
 no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of
 parting, as the procuring of mirth ; you come in faint
 for

for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain, both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: oh, the charity of a penny cord, it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true debtor, and creditor, but it; of what's past, i, and to come, the discharge; your neck, Sir, is pe, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he, that sleeps, feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Goal. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or to take upon yourself that, which, I am sure, you do not know; or lump the after enquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a goaler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*

N 5

Goal.

Goal. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a *Roman*: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would, we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of goalers and gallowses; I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a pre-ferment in't. [Exit.

SCENE, Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the Gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor foldier, that so richly fought, (Whose rags sham'd gilded arms; whose naked breast Stept before shields of proof,) cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw (28)
Such noble fury in so poor a thing:
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor luck.

Cym. No tydings of him?

(28) ——— I never saw
Such noble Fury in so poor a Thing;
Such precious Deeds in one that promis'd Nought
But Begg'ry and poor Looks.

But pray, how can it be said, that one, whose poor Looks promise Beggary, should promise poor Looks too? No; it was not the poor Look that was promised: That was visible. We must read with Certainty;

But Begg'ry and poor Luck.

This sets the Matter entirely right, and makes *Belarius* speak Sense and to the purpose. For there was the extraordinary Thing; he promis'd Nothing but poor Luck, and yet perform'd such Wonders.

Mr. Warburton.

Pis.

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, (the liver, heart, and brain of *Britaine*;)
[*To Bel. Guid. and Arvirag.*
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and gentlemen:
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we're honest.

Cym. Bow your knees;
Arise my knights o'th' battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like *Romans*,
And not o'th' court of *Britaine*.

Cor. Hail, great King:
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? but I consider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herself;
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confest,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confests'd, she never lov'd you: only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:

And,

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess,
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring
By inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless, desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heav'n and men, her purposes: repented,
The ill she hatch'd were not effected: so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her. Yet, oh, my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners;
Leonatus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou com'st not, *Caius*, now for tribute; that
The *Britons* have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted.
So, think of your estate.

Luc.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come. Sufficeth,
A *Roman* with a *Roman's* heart can suffer.——

Augustus lives to think on't——And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a *Briton* born,
Let him be ransom'd; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like; let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your Highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Briton* harm,
Though he hath serv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, "live, boy:" ne'er thank thy master, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys!
Why stands he so perplext?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,

What's

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*; no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highness: who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me, speak freely.

[*Cymbel. and Imo. walk aside.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arw. One sand another (29)
Not more resembles, than he th' sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd and was *Fidele*. What think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see more; he eyes us not; forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure,
He would have spoke t'us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pis. 'Tis my mistress—— [Aside.
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [*Cymb. and Imog. come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.
Make thy demand aloud.———Sir, step you forth,
[To *Iachimo*.]

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,

(29) -----One sand another

*Not more resembles that sweet rosy Youth,
Who dy'd and was Fidele.]*

A slight Corruption has made stark Nonsense of this Passage. One Grain of Sand certainly might resemble another; but it could never resemble a human Form. I believe, I have restored the Poet's Meaning; The Verse is none of the smoothest; but, *resembles*, must be pronounced as a *disyllable*.

Which

Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On; speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that,
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* jewel,
Whom thou didst banish: and (which more may grieve
thee,

As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Will you hear more, my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—give me leave, I faint.—

Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy strength;
I'd rather thou shouldst live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock,
That struck the hour;) it was in *Rome*, (accurs'd
The mansion where) 'twas at a feast, (oh, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or at least,
Those which I heav'd to head :) the good *Posthumus*—
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones)—fitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of *Italy* (30)

For

(30) *Hearing us praise our Loves of Italy*

*For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd Boast
Of him that best could peak; for Feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures, beyond brief Nature; —]*

As plausible as this Reading may appear at first View, I dare say,
it is slightly corrupted. What! did they praise their Mistresses
for *Beauty*, and for *Feature* too? The Symmetry of Features is al-
ways

For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak ; for stature, laming
The shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,
Postures, beyond brief nature ; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for ; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye —

Cym. I stand on fire.
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This *Posthumus*,
(Most like a noble Lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint ;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd-of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity ; — there it begins :
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold ; whereat, I, wretch ! —
Made scruple of his praise ; and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle

ways one main part of Beauty. Then why should Features be said
to lame a Statue, or the Postures of a well-built Goddess ? We must
certainly restore

————— for Stature laming
The Shrine of Venus, &c.

This agrees perfectly well with, *laming*, *straight-pight*, and *Postures* :
and so the Lady is prais'd for her Beauty, her Shape, and her
Temper of Mind.

Of

Of *Phœbus*' wheel ; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of's car. Away to *Britaine*
 Post I in this design : well may you, Sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 By your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine *Italian* brain
 'Gan in your duller *Britaine* operate
 Most vilely : for my vantage excellent ;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof enough
 To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown,
 With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet ;
 (Oh, cunning ! how I got it) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person ; that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit ; whereupon,
 Methinks, I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, [Coming forward.
Italian fiend ! ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come——oh, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer ! Thou, King, send out
 For torturers ingenious ; it is I
 That all th' abhorred things o'th' earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*,
 That kill'd thy daughter ;——villain-like, I lye ;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
 Of virtue was she, yea, and she herself.——
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o'th' street to bay me : every villain
 Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
 Be villany less than 'twas !—Oh *Imogen* !
 My Queen, my life, my wife ! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear——

Post.

Post. Shall's have a play of this?
Thou scornful page, there lie thy part.

[Striking her, she falls.]

Pis. Oh, gentlemen, help,
Mine, and your mistress—Oh, my Lord *Posthumus*!
Your ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now—help, help,
Mine honour'd lady—

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not, where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*!

Pis. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisanio*
Have, said she, giv'n his mistress that confession,
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem; I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would seize
The present power of life, but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel.

Bel. My boys, there was our error.—

Guid. This is, sure, *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh? my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir. [Kneeling.

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't. [To *Guid.* Arr.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy-water on thee! *Imogen*,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely; but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she went,
It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed her
To seek him on the mountains near to *Milford*:
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: What became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story;
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend!
I would not, thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid.

Guid. I've spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid. A most incivil one. The wrongs, he did me,
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
Could it so roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm sorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my Lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone; [*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove, that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My sons, I must,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good, his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave:
Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was call'd *Belarius*.

Cym. What of him? a banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age; indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First, pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I've receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons ?

Bel. I am too blunt, and faucy ; here's my knee :
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,
Then spare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ? my issue ?

Bel. So sure as you, you're father's : I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Belarius* whom you sometime banish'd ;
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason : That I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes
(For such and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up ; such arts they have, as I
Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,
As your Grace knows. Their nurse *Euriphile*,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment : I mov'd her to't ;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, Sir,
Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heav'ns
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st :
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my children—

If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while——

This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius* :
This gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Arviragus*,
Your younger princely son; he, Sir, was lapt
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that nat'ral stamp:
It was wise Nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three! ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliv'rance more; blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may rein in them now! oh *Imogen*,
Thou'st lost by this a kingdom,

Imo. No, my Lord:
I've got two worlds by't. Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister: I, you brothers;
When ye were so, indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good Lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallowed.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our *Roman* captive?

How

How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
 (31) Why fled you from the court? and whither?—These,
 And your three motives to the battle, with
 I know not how much more, should be demanded;
 And all the other by-dependances
 From chance to chance: but not the time nor place,
 Will serve long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
 Each object with a joy. The counter-change
 Is sev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
 Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever. [*To Bel.*]

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
 To see this gracious season!

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
 Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
 I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
 He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
 The thankings of a King.

Post. 'Tis I am, Sir.
 The soldier, that did company these three,

(31) *Why fled you from the Court, and whether these?*] By a strange Negligence, in all the Editions, this Passage is stark Nonsense. One Part of the mistake made is in the Word, *whether*; and another, is, in the *false Pointing*. It must be rectified thus;

Why fled you from the Court? and whither? These, &c.

The King is asking his Daughter, how she has lived since her Elopement from the Court; when she entered herself in *Lucius's* Service; how she met with her Brothers, or parted from them; why she fled from the Court, and to what Place: And having enumerated so many Particulars, he stops short, and cries, "All these Circumstances, and the Motives of *Belarius*, *Guiderius*, and *Arviragus* to the Battle, together with a Number more of Occurrences by the bye, I want to be resolved in."

In

In poor befeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest Princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power, that I have on you, is to spare you:
The malice tow'ards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better!

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean, indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, Princes. Good my Lord of *Rome*,
Call forth your *Soothsayer*. As I slept, methought,
Great *Jupiter*, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. *Philarmonus*,——

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[*Reads.*]

WHEN as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt
branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive,
be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall
Posthumus end his miseries, *Britaine* be fortunate, and
flourish in peace and plenty.

Thon

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp ;
 The fit and apt construction of thy name,
 Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much :
 The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
 [To Cymbeline.

Which we call *Mollis Aer* ; and *Mollis Aer*
 We term it *Mulier* : which *Mulier*, I divine,
 Is this most constant wife ; who, even now,
 Answering the letter of the oracle,
 Unknown to you, unfought, were clipt about
 With this most tender air.

Cym. This has some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
 Personates thee ; and thy lopt branches point
 Thy two sons forth : who, by *Belarius* stoll'n,
 For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
 To the majestick cedar join'd ; whose issue
 Promises *Britaine* peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin, and *Caius Lucius*,
 Although the victor, we submit to *Cæsar*,
 And to the *Roman* Empire ; promising,
 To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
 We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen ;
 On whom heav'n's justice (both on her, and hers)
 Hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
 The harmony of this peace : the vision,
 Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the stroke
 Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd. For the *Roman* eagle,
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' th' sun
 So vanish'd ; which fore-shew'd our princely eagle,
 Th' imperial *Cæsar*, should again unite
 His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
 Which shines here in the west.

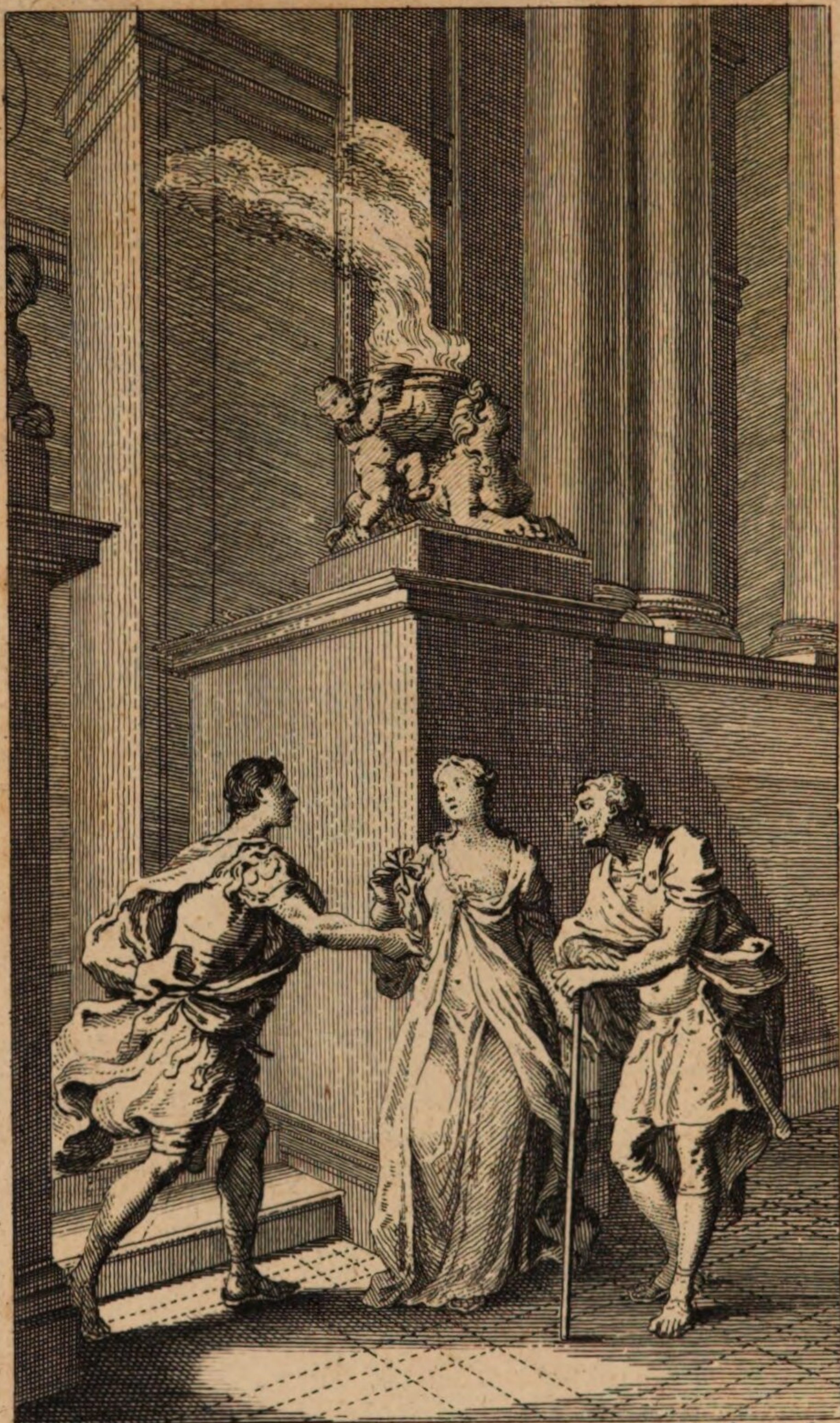
Cym. Laud we the Gods !
 And let the crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
 From our blest altars ! publish we this peace

To all our subjects. Set we forward : let
A *Roman* and a *British* Ensign wave
Friendly together ; so through *Lud's* town march :
And in the temple of great *Jupiter*
Our peace we'll ratify. Seal it with feasts.
Set on, there : Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



TROILUS



H. Gravelot in Vol. 7. P. 315.

G. V. Gucht Scul.



T R O I L U S

A N D

C R E S S I D A.



PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene : from Isles of Greece
 The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the Port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their Crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
 To ransack Troy ; within whose strong Immures,
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' Queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps ; and That's the Quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come ———
 And the deep-drawing Barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains,
 The fresh, and yet unbruised, Greeks do pitch
 Their brave Pavillions. Priam's six Gates i'th' City, (1)
 (Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian,
 And Antenorides,) with massy staples

(1) ——— Priam's six-gated City
 Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenoridan, with massy Staples
 And corresposive and fulfilling bolts
 Stir up the Sons of Troy.] This has been a most miserably mangled
 Passage, through all the Editions: corrupted at once into false Con-
 cord, and false Reasoning. Priam's six-gated City stirre up the Sons
 of Troy?-----Here's a Verb plural governed of a Nominative sin-
 gular. But that is easily remedied. The next Question to be asked,
 is, In what Sense a City having six strong Gates, and those well
 barred and bolted, can be said to stir up its Inhabitants? unless they
 may be supposed to derive some Spirit from the Strength of their
 Fortifications. But this could not be the Poet's Thought. He must
 mean, I take it, that the Greeks had pitched their Tents upon the
 Plains before Troy; and that the Trojans were securely barricaded
 within the Walls and Gates of their City. This Sense my Correc-
 tion restores. To sperre, or spar, from the old Teutonic Word,
 (SPERRREN) signifies, to shut up, defend by Bars, &c.

And

PROLOGUE.

*And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperre up the sons of Troy.——
Now expectation tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, (but not in confidence
Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument;)
To tell you, (fair Beholders) that our Play
Leap, o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning i'th' middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault,——do, as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.*





Dramatis Personæ.

PRIAM,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Antenor,

} TROJANS.

A bastard Son of Priam.

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulysses,
Nestor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Thersites,
Calchas,

} GREEKS.

Helen, *Wife to Menelaus, in love with Paris.*

Andromache, *Wife to Hector.*

Cassandra, *Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.*

Cressida, *Daughter to Calchas, in Love with Troilus.*

Alexander, *Cressida's Man.*

Boy, *Page to Troilus.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, Troy; and the Grecian Camp before it.

TROILUS



TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the Palace in Troy.*

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

TROILUS.

ALL here my varlet; I'll unarm again.
C Why should I war without the walls of *Troy*,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan*, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; *Troilus*, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The *Greeks* are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant.
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my
part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He, that
will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the
grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the
boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulding; but you must tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning; but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking, nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what Goddesses e'er she be, Doth lesser blench at sufferance, than I do.

At *Priam's* royal table do I sit,

And when fair *Cressida* comes into my thoughts,
So, traitor!—when she comes? when is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest *Hector* or my father should perceive me;
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than *He-
len's*—well, go to, there were no more comparison between
the women. But, for my part, she is my kinswoman;
I would not (as they term it) praise her—but I would,
somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will
not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but—

Troi. O *Pandarus*! I tell thee, *Pandarus*—

When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep

They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad

In *Cressid's* love. Thou answer'st, she is fair;

Pour't in the open ulcer of my heart

Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gate, her voice;

Handlest in thy discourse——O that! her hand!

(In whose comparison, all whites are ink

Writing their own reproach) to whose soft seizure

The cignet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense

Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'st me;

(As,

(As, true thou tell'st me;) when I say, I love her:
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st, in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she
is, if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not,
she has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought
on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between
and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair
as *Helen*; and she were not kin to me, she would be as fair
on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care
not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no, she's a fool
to stay behind her father: let her to the *Greeks*, and so
I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll
meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. *Pandarus*,——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*,——

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave
all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit Pandarus.*
[*Sound Alarm.*

Tr. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides.——*Helen* must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument,
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword:
But *Pandarus*——O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Cressid*, but by *Pandar*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all fute.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne's* love,
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:

Her bed is *India*, there she lies, a pearl:
 Between our *Ilium*, and where she resides,
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
 Ourself the merchant, and this sailing *Pandar*,
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarm.*] Enter *Aeneas*.

Ane. How now, Prince *Troilus*? wherefore not i'th' field?

Troi. Because not there; this woman's answer sorts,
 For womanish it is to be from thence:

What news, *Aeneas*, from the field to-day?

Ane. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Aeneas*?

Ane. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus*' horn. [*Alarm.*]

Ane. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day?

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*——
 But to the sport abroad——are you bound thither?

Ane. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a publick Street, near the
 Walls of Troy.

Enter *Cressida*, and *Alexander*, her Servant.

Cre. WHO were those went by?

Serv. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whether go they?

Serv. Up to th' eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the fight. *Hector*, whose patience

Is, as the virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid *Andromache*, and struck his armorer;

And like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose, he was harness-dight, (2)

And

(2) Before the Sun rose, he was harness light,] Why harness light? Does the Poet mean, that *Hector* had put on light Armour? Or that he was sprightly in his Arms, even before Sun-rise? Or is a Conun-

And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flowerbed
Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw,
In *Hector's* wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Serv. The noise goes thus; there is among the *Greeks*
A Lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Serv. They say, he is a very man *per se*, and stands
alone.

Cre. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or
have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their
particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish
as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom Na-
ture hath so crouded humours, that his valour is crush'd
into folly, his folly fauced with discretion: there is no
man hath a virtue, that he has not a glimpse of; nor any
man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it. He is
melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair;
he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing so out
of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no
use; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile,
make *Hector* angry?

Serv. They say, he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the battle
and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof
hath ever since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Conundrum aimed at, in *Sun* rose, and harness light? A very slight
Alteration makes all these Constructions unnecessary, and gives us
the Poet's meaning in the properest Terms imaginable.

Before the Sun rose, he was harness-dight,

i. e. compleatly drest, accoutred, in Arms. It is frequent with our
Poet, from his Masters *Chaucer* and *Spenser*, to say *dight* for *deck'd*;
pight, for *pitch'd*; &c. and from them too he uses *Harness* for
Armour.

Serv.

Serv. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector's* a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good-morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good-morrow, cousin *Cressid*; what do you talk of? (3) Good-morrow, *Alexander*;—how do you, cousin? when were you at *Ilium*?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere you came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was she?

Cre. *Hector* was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en so; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says, here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Triolus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

(3) Good-morrow, cousin *Cressid*; What do you talk of? Good-morrow, ALEXANDER; ——— How do you, cousin? Good-morrow, Alexander ——— is added in all the Editions, says Mr. Pope, very absurdly, *Paris* not being on the Stage. ——— Wonderful Acuteness: But, with Submission, this Gentleman's Note is much more absurd: for it falls out very unluckily for his Remark; that though *Paris* is, for the Generality, in *Homer* called *Alexander*; yet, in this Play, by any one of the Characters introduced, he is called nothing but *Paris*. The truth of the Fact is this. *Pandarus* is of a busy, impertinent, insinuating Character; and it is natural for him, so soon as he has given his Cousin the good-morrow, to pay his Civilities too to her Attendant. This is purely ἐν ᾧ, as the Grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable Touch of *Pandarus's* Character. And why might not *Alexander* be the Name of *Cressid's* Man? *Paris* had no Patent, I suppose, for engrossing it to himself. But the late Editor, perhaps, because we have had *Alexander* the Great, Pope *Alexander*, and *Alexander Pope*, would not have so eminent a Name prostituted to a common Valet.

Pan.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 325

Pan. Who, *Troilus*?—*Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh, *Jupiter*! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you say, as I say; for, I am sure, he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them, he is himself.

Pan. Himself? alas, poor *Troilus*! I would, he were

Cre. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself; 'would, he were himself! well, the Gods are above; time must friend, or end; well, *Troilus*, well, I would, my heart were in her body!—no *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't: *Hector* shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, Niece; *Helen* herself swore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess) not brown neither—

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre.

Cre. Then *Troilus* should have too much; if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen's* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure, she does. She came to him the other day into the compass-window; and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?—

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. Juno, have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think, his smiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then—but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.——

Cre. *Troilus* will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. *Troilus*? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin; indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan.

Pan. But there was such laughing. Queen *Hecuba* laught, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With millstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temp'rate fire under the pot of her eyes ; did her eyes run o'er too ?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing ?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* spied on *Troilus's* chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laught too.

Pan. They laught not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer ?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that : one and fifty hairs. (4) quoth he, and one white ; that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. *Jupiter!* quoth she, which of these hairs is *Paris*, my husband ? the forked one, quoth he, pluck it out and give it him : but there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blush'd, and *Paris* so chaf'd, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday ; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true ; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in *April*. [Sound a retreat.

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against *May*.

(4) Two and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white ; that white Hair is my Father ; and all the rest are his Sons] The Copyists must have erred here in the Number ; and I have ventured to substitute one and fifty, I think, with some Certainty. How else can the number make out *Priam*, and his fifty Sons ?

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass towards *Ilium*? good niece, do; sweet niece *Cressida*.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark *Troilus* above the rest.

Æneas passes over the Stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over the Stage.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o'th' soundest judgment in *Troy* whosoever, and a proper man of person; when comes *Troilus*? I'll shew you *Troilus* anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, niece: O brave *Hector*! look, how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good,—look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting: there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godsdid, it does one's heart

heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder; niece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now; who said, he came home hurt to day? he's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen's* heart good now, ha? 'would, I could see *Troilus* now; you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's *Helenus*. I marvel, where *Troilus* is: that's *Helenus* ——— I think, he went not forth to day; that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. *Helenus*, no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel, where *Troilus* is? hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! there's a man, niece ——— hem ——— brave *Troilus*! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus*! look well upon him, niece, look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector's*, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he never saw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a Goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? ——— *Paris* is dirt to him, and, I warrant, *Helen* to change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all Greece.

Cre.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well——why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know, what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt, that seasons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man: and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out,—

Pan. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too; If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt, he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle——

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the same token, you are a bawd. [*Exit Pan.*
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thousand-fold I see,

Than

Than in the glass of *Pandar's* praise may be ;
 Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing ;
 Things won are done ; the soul's joy lies in doing :
 That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this ;
 Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
 That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got, so sweet, as when desire did sue :
 Atchievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech.
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach ;
 That though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E *changes to Agamemnon's Tent in the
 Grecian Camp.*

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. **P**Rinces,
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your
 cheeks ?

The ample proposition, that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness : checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd ;
 As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That after sev'n years' siege, yet *Troy*-walls stand ;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart ; not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you Princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works ?
 And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive trials of great *Jove*,
 To find persistive constancy in men ?
 The fineness of which metal is not found

In

In fortune's love ; for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin ;
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
 And what hath mass, or matter by itself,
 Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat, (5)
 Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men : the sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk ?
 But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
 The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
 The strong-ribb'd bark thro' liquid mountains cuts ;
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like *Perseus'* horse : Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival'd greatness ? or to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for *Neptune*. Even so
 Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
 In storms of fortune. For in her ray and brightness,
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
 Than by the tyger : but when splitting winds
 Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies get under shade ; the thing of courage,
 As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize ;
 And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,

(5) *With due Observance of thy goodly Seat,*] *Goodly* is an Epithet carries no very great Compliment with it ; and *Nestor* seems here to be paying Deference to *Agamemnon's* State and Pre-eminence. The old Books have it, ——— to thy godly Seat ; godlike, as I have reformed the Text, seems to me the Epithet designed ; and is very conformable to what *Aeneas* afterwards says of *Agamemnon* ;

Which is that God in Office, guiding Men ?

So godlike Seat is here, State supreme above other Commanders.

Returns

Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. *Agamemnon,*

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul, and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up: hear, what *Ulysses* speaks.
Besides th' applause and approbation
The which, most mighty for thy place and sway, [*To Aga.*
And thou, most rev'rend for thy stretcht-out life, [*To Nest.*
I give to both your speeches; which were such,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in bras; and such again,
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in silver)
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecians'* ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both
(Thou great, and wise) to hear *Ulysses* speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca*: we less expect,
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Thersites* opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. *Troy*, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great *Hector's* sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The speciality of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many *Grecian* tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.

The heav'ns themselves, the planets, and this center,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Infixure, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the rest, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,

And

And posts like the commandment of a King,
 Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
 In evil mixture to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
 What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixure? Oh, when *degree* is shaken,
 (Which is the ladder to all high designs)
 The enterprize is sick. How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogeniture, and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, lawrels,
 (But by degree) stand in authentick place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And hark what discord follows; each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength would be Lord of imbecillity,
 And the rude son would strike his father dead:
 Force would be right; or rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Would lose their names, and so would justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite (an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power)
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last eat up itself. Great *Agamemnon*!
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choaking:
 And this neglection of degree is it,
 That by a peace goes backward, in a purpose
 It hath to climb. The General's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick

Of his superior, grow to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation.
And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discover'd
The fever, whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, *Ulysses*,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the fore-hand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting player, (whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage)
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd;
Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large *Achilles*, on his prest-bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause:
Cries——excellent!——'tis *Agamemnon* just——
Now play me *Nestor*——hum, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being drest to some oration.
That's done——as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels: as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet good *Achilles* still cries, excellent!
'Tis *Nestor* right! now play him me, *Patroclus*,
Arming to answer in a night alarm:
And, then forsooth, the faint defects of age

Must

Must be the scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
 And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet——and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries “O!—enough, *Patroclus*——
 Or “give me ribs of steel, I shall split all
 “In pleasure of my spleen.” And, in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
 (Whom, as *Ulysses* says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice) many are infect:
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a pace,
 As broad *Achilles*; and keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle; and sets *Thersites*
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How hard soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardise,
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;
 Fore-stall our prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand: The still and mental parts,
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness call them on, and know by measure
 Of their observant toil the enemies' weight;
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
 They call this bed-work mapp'ry, closet war: (6)

(6) *They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, closet War.*] The Poet in my Opinion would say, 'This is planning out Action and War, as a Man might do on his Pillow, and in his Closet. If so, *bed-work* must be the Epithet to *Mappery*, as *closet* is to *War*: and therefore I have expunged the Comma, which separated the First from its Substantive. So *Guiderius*, in *Cymbeline*, speaking of an unactive Life, says it is

A cell of Ignorance; travelling a-bed.

So

So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horse
Makes many *Thetis'* sons. [Tucket sounds.

Aga. What trumpet? look, *Menelaus*.

Men. From *Troy*.

Enter *Æneas*.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a Herald and a Prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekish* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful *Phæbus*:

Which is that God in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

Aga. This *Trojan* scorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem foldiers, they have galls, (7)
Good

(7) But when they would seem Soldiers, they have Galls,
Good Arms, strong Joints, true Swords, and Jove's Accord,
Nothing so full of Heart.] Can the Poet be supposed to mean that the
Trojans had *Jove's* Accord whenever they would seem Soldiers? No;
certainly, he would intimate that nothing was so full of Heart as
they, when that God did but shew himself on their Side. This
Circumstance, added, brings no Impeachment to their Courage:
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Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, *Jove's* accord,
 Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Aeneas*;
 Peace, *Trojan*; lay thy finger on thy lips;
 The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,
 If he, that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth:
 What the repining enemy commends,
 That breath Fame blows, that praise sole pure transcends.

Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you yourself *Aeneas*?

Aene. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Aene. Sir, pardon; 'tis for *Agamemnon's* ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*.

Aene. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whisper him;
 I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
 To set his sense on the attentive bent,
 And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
 It is not *Agamemnon's* sleeping hour;
 That thou shalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
 He tells thee so himself.

Aene. Trumpet, blow loud:
 Send thy brass voice thro' all these lazy tents;
 And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
 What *Troy* means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*The trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
 A Prince call'd *Hector*, (*Priam* is his father)
 Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
 Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
 And to this purpose speak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
 If there be one amongst the fair'st of *Greece*,
 That holds his honour higher than his ease,
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
 That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
 That loves his mistress more than in confession,

Valour would become Presumption and Impiety in them, if they
 had trusted to it when *Jove* manifestly declared himself on the other
 Side. My Regulation of the Pointing fixes the Poet's Sense; and
 it is every where his Manner to mention the Concurrence of the
 Deity supposed.

With

With truant vows to her own lips, he loves,) And dare avow her beauty and her worth In other arms than hers: to him this challenge. *Hector*, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*, Shall make it good, (or do his best to do it) He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer, Than ever *Greek*, did compass in his arms; And will to-morrow with his trumpet call, Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*, To rouse a *Grecian* that is true in love. If any come, *Hector* shall honour him: If none, he'll say in *Troy* when he retires, The *Grecian* Dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth The splinter of a lance; ——— even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, Lord *Aeneas*. If none of them have soul in such a kind, We've left them all at home: but we are soldiers; And may that soldier a mere recreant prove, That means not, hath not, or is not in love! If then one is, or hath, or means to be, That one meets *Hector*; if none else, I'm he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*; one, that was a man When *Hector's* Grandfire suckt; he is old now, But if there be not in our *Grecian* host One noble man that hath one spark of fire, To answer for his love: tell him from me, I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn; And, meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste As may be in the world: his youth in flood, I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Aene. Now heav'ns forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulys. Amen.

Aga. Fair Lord *Aeneas*, let me touch your hand: To our pavilion shall I lead you first:

Achilles shall have word of this intent, So shall each Lord of *Greece* from tent to tent: Yourself shall feast with us before you go, And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt.*
Manent

Manent Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulys. *Nestor,*——

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulys. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulys. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how now?

Ulys. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is conspicuous ev'n as substance, (8)
Whose grossness little characters sum up.
And, in the publication, make no strain,

(8) *The purpose is perspicuous ev'n as Substance,
Whose Grossness little Characters sum up,
And in the Publication make no Strain:]* The modern Editors, it is plain, have lent each other very little Information upon this Passage: *Τυφλὸς τυφλῷ ὁδηγὸς*, as the Proverb says; *the Blind have led the Blind*. As they have pointed the Passage, it is strange Stuff; and how they solved it to themselves, is past my Discovery. That little Characters, or Particles, sum up the Grossness of any Substance, I conceive: but how those Characters, or Particles, *make no Strain in the Publication*, seems a little harder than *Algebra*. My Regulation of the Pointing brings us to clear Sense; "The Aim and Purpose of this
"Duel is as visible as any gross Substance can be, compounded of
"many little Particles:" And having said thus, *Ulysses* goes on to another Observation; "And make no Difficulty, no Doubt, when
"this Duel comes to be proclaimed, but that *Achilles*, dull as he is,
"will discover the Drift of it." This is the Meaning of the last Line. So afterwards, in this Play, *Ulysses* says,

I do not strain at the Position,

i.e. I do not hesitate at, I make no Difficulty of it.

But

But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Lybia*, (tho' *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector's* purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulys. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else oppose,
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles*? though a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, *Ulysses*,
Our imputation shall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the General:
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant-mass
Of things to come, at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets *Hector*, issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
To steal a strong opinion to themselves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulys. Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better, yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not then consent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulys. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him :
 But he already is too insolent ;
 And we were better parch in *Africk* sun,
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lott'ry ;
 And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
 The sort to fight with *Hector* : 'mong ourselves,
 Give him allowance as the worthier man,
 For that will physick the great *Myrmidon*,
 Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
 If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices : if he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax, imploy'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.

Nest. *Ulysses*, now I relish thy advice,
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To *Agamemnon* ; go we to him straight ;
 Two curs shall tame each other ; pride alone
 Must tar the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T II.

S C E N E, *the Grecian Camp.**Enter Ajax, and Therfites.*

A J A X.

THERSITES,——

Ther. *Agamemnon*—how if he had boiles—full,
 all over, generally. [*Talking to himself.*]

Ajax. *Thersites*,——*Ther.*

Ther. And those boiles did run———say so———did not the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!———

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him: I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? feel then. [Strikes him.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted Lord!

Ajax. Speak then, you unwinnow'dst (9) leaven, speak; I will beat thee into handsomness.

Ther. I shall soon rail thee into wit and holiness; but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsom'st scab in Greece.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty: ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Therfites!——

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

(9) *Speak then, you unsalted Leaven, speak;*] This is a reading obtruded upon us by Mr. Pope, that has no Authority or Countenance from any of the Copies; nor that approaches in any Degree to the Traces of the old Reading, you *whinnid'st* Leaven. This, 'tis true, is corrupted and unintelligible; but the Emendation, which I have coin'd out of it, gives us a Sense apt and consonant to what Ajax would say———“Thou Lump of sour Dough, kneaded up out of
“a Flower, unpurg'd and unsifted, with all the Dross and Bran
“in it.”———

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pound thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailior breaks a bisket.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! ————— [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch! —————

Ther. Ay, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord; thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an *Affinego* may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant afs! thou art here but to thrash *Trojans*, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a *Barbarian* slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy Lord!

Ajax. You cur!

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do. [Beating him.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this? How now, *Thersites*? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for who-soever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones; I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

[*Ajax* offers to strike him, *Achilles* interposes.

Ther.

Ther. I say, this *Ajax*——

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helen*'s needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, *Thersites*.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Ev'n so——a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. *Hector* shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Thersites*?

Ther. There's *Ulysses* and old *Nestor*, (whose wit was mouldy ere your grandfires had nails on their toes,) (10) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What! what!

(10) *There's Ulysses, and old Nestor, whose Wit was mouldy ere their Grandfires had Nails on their toes,*] This is one of these editors wise Riddles. This is no Folly of *Thersites*'s venting. What! Was *Nestor*'s Wit mouldy, before his Grandfire's Toes had any Nails? that is, was the Grandson an old Man, before the Grandfather was out of his Swathing cloaths? Preposterous Nonsense! and yet so easy a Change, as one poor Pronoun for another sets all right and clear.

Ther. Yes, good sooth; to *Achilles*! to, *Ajax*! to—

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, *Thersites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace, when *Achilles*' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the factions of fools. [Exit.

Patr. A good riddance.

Ach. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our host, That *Hæctor*, by the fifth hour of the Sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and *Troy*, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach, such a one that dare Maintain I know not what: 'tis trash, farewell.

Ajax. Farewel! who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry, otherwise He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it. [Exe.

S C E N E changes to *Priam's Palace in Troy.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. **A**fter so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says *Nestor* from the *Greeks*:
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage else
(As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war)
Shall be struck off. *Hector*, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular, yet
'There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, who knows what follows?
Than *Hector* is. The wound of peace is surety,

Surety

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise; the tent that searches
To th' bottom of the worst. Let *Helen* go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Ev'ry tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dimes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean, of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fy, fy, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread father) in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The vast proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waste most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fy, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons;
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reasons. Here are your reasons.
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword imploy'd is perilous;
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
A *Grecian* and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Or like a star disorb'd!—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hel. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hel.

Hez. But value dwells not in particular will ;
 It holds its estimate and dignity
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
 As in the prizer : 'tis mad idolatry,
 To make the service greater than the God ;
 And the Will dotes, that is inclinable
 To what infectiously itself affects,
 Without some image of th' affected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
 Is led on in the conduct of my will ;
 My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
 Of will and judgment ; how may I avoid
 (Although my will distate what is elected)
 The wife I chuse ? there can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
 When we have spoil'd them ; nor th' remainder viands
 We do not throw in unrespective place,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the *Greeks* :
 Your breath of full consent bellied his sails ;
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 And did him service : he touch'd the ports desir'd ;
 And, for an old aunt, whom the *Greeks* held captive,
 He brought a *Grecian* Queen, whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles *Apollo's*, and makes stale the morning.
 Why keep we her ? the *Grecians* keep our aunt :
 Is she worth keeping ? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath lanch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants——
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd, go, go :)
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
 And cry'd, inestimable !) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar that estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land ? O theft most base !

That

That we have stoll'n what we do fear to keep!
But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stoll'n,
Who in *their* country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within*] Cry, *Trojans*!

Hect. It is *Cassandra*.

Enter Cassandra, with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come:

Cry, *Trojans*, cry; practise your eyes with tears.

Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilion* stand:

Out fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all.

Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a woe;

Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or else let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not these high strains
Of Divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it;

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because *Cassandra's* mad; her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,

Which hath our several honours all engag'd

To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd than all *Priam's* sons;

And, *Jove* forbid! there should be done amongst us

Such things, as might offend the weakest spleen

To

To fight for and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the Gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? yet I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. *Paris*, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights;
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So, to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a Beauty brings with it:
But I would have the foil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? can it be,
That so degenerate a strain, as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
When *Helen* is the subject. Then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you have both said well: (11)
But

(11) *Paris* and *Troilus*, you have both said well;
And on the Cause and Question now in hand
Have glossed, but superficially.] I can never think that the Poet
expressed

But on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glaz'd but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
 The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong: for pleasure and revenge
 Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be render'd to their owners; now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband? If this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* King,
 (As, it is known, she is) these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nation, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's* opinion
 Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
 My sprightly brethen, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep *Helen* still;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why there you touch'd the life of our design:
 Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
 I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood

expressed himself thus: It is absurd to say, that People have talked
well, and yet but *superficially* at the same Time. I have ventured
 to substitute a *Disjunctive* instead of the *Copulative*, by which we
 gain this commodious Sense: "You have argued *very well* in the
 " *general*, but have glaz'd too *superficially* upon the *particular* Ques-
 " tion in Debate."

Spent

Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
 She is a theam of honour and renown;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us.
 For, I presume brave *Hector* would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*.——
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and fectionous nobles of the *Greeks*,
 Will strike amazement to their drowfy spirits,
 I was advertis'd, their great General slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept:
 This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *before Achilles's Tent, in the Grecian
 Camp.*

Enter Therfites solus.

HOW now, *Therfites*? what, lost in the labyrinth of
 thy fury? shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus?
 he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction!
 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst
 he rail'd at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise
 devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations.
 Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not
 taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till
 they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of
Olympus, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods;
 and, *Mercury*, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*,
 If thou take not that little, little, less than little wit from
 them that they have; which short-arm'd ignorance itself
 knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention
 deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy
 irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on
 the whole camp! or rather the bone-ach, for that, me-
 thinks,

thinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil envy say *Amen*. What ho! my Lord *Achilles*!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Thersites*? good *Thersites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou couldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thyself upon thyself! the common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven blest thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair coarse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrowded any but *Lazars*; *Amen*. Where's *Achilles*?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Thersites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion——why hast thou not served thyself up to my table, so many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon*!

Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord, *Thersites*: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell,——

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patr. You rascal——

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Thersites*.

Ther.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Thersites* is a fool, and, as afore said, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Thersites* is a fool to serve such a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to thy creator;—it suffices me, thou art.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll speak with no body: come in with me, *Thersites*. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.

Aga. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his tent, but ill dispos'd, my Lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here. He shent our messengers, and we lay by (12) Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so, lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place; Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [Exit.

Ulys. We saw him at the op'ning of his tent, He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by

(12) *He sent our Messengers;*] Who sent, in the Name of Accuracy? What! did *Achilles* send the Messengers, who were sent by *Agamemnon*? I make no doubt, but the Poet wrote;

He shent our Messengers;

i. e. rebuked, ill-treated, rated out of his Presence.

my

my head, 'tis pride ; but why, why ?—let him shew us the cause. A word, my Lord. [*To Agamemnon.*]

Nest. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him ?

Ulys. *Achilles* has inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, *Thersites* ?

Ulys. He.

Nest. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulys. No, you see, he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles*.

Nest. All the better ; their faction is more our wish than their faction ; but it was a strong counsel, that a fool could disunite.

Ulys. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nest. No *Achilles* with him ?

Ulys. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy ; His legs are for necessity, not flexure.

Pat. *Achilles* bids me say, he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call on him ; he hopes, it is no other, But for your health and your digestion-sake ; An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus* ; We are too well acquainted with these answers : But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him ; yet all his virtues (Not virtuously on his own part beheld) Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss ; And, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him ; and you shall not sin, If you do say, we think him over-proud, In self-assumption greater than in note

Of

Of judgment: say, men worthier than himself
 Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
 Disguise the holy strength of their command,
 And under-go in an observing kind
 His humorous predominance; yea, watch
 His course and times, his ebbs and flows; as if
 The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
 That if he over-hold his price so much,
 We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lie under this report,

"Bring action hither, this can't go to war:

"A stirring dwarf we do allowance give,

"Before a sleeping giant;" tell him so.

Patr. I shall, and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
 We come to speak with him. *Ulysses*, enter.

[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? do you not think, he thinks
 himself a better man than I am?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say, he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant,
 as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether
 more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? how doth pride
 grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues
 the fairer; he, that is proud, eats up himself. Pride
 is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle;
 and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours
 the deed in the praise.

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring
 of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Ulys. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulys. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Un-tent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulys. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: he's possess'd with greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swollen and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters down himself; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis said, he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulys. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.
We'll consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud Lord,
That hastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (save such as do revolve
And ruminat himself,) shall he be worship'd
Of that, we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant Lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
(As amply titled, as *Achilles* is,) by going to *Achilles*:
That were t' inlard his pride, already fat,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This Lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles*, go to him!

Nest. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax.

Ajax. If I go to him——with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride;
let me go to him.

Ulys. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow——

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulys. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the phyfician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. And all men were o'my mind——

Ulys. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat swords
first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulys. He would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple,——

Nest. He's not yet through warm: (13) force him
with praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulys. My Lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulys. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man——but 'tis before his face——
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulys. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

(15) *Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him supple, he is not yet
through warm.

Nest. Force him with praises; &c.] The latter part of *Ajax's*
Speech is certainly got out of Place, and ought to be assigned to
Nestor, as I have ventured to transpose it. *Ajax* is feeding on his
Vanity, and boasting what he'll do to *Achilles*; he'll pash him o'er
the Face, he'll make him eat Swords; he'll knead him, he'll
supple him, &c. *Nestor* and *Ulysses* sily labour to keep him up in
this Vein; and to this End *Nestor* craftily hints, that *Ajax* is not
warm yet, but must be cram'd with more Flattery.

Ajax.

Ajax. A whoreson dog! that palters thus with us——
 'Would he were a *Trojan*!

Nest. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——

Ulys. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Ulys. Ay, or surly borne.

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected.

Ulys. Thank, the heav'ns, Lord, thou art of sweet
 composure;

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,

And give him half; and for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yields

To sinewy *Ajax*; I'll not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's *Nestor*,

Instructed by the antiquary times;

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:

But pardon, father *Nestor*, were your days

As green as *Ajax*, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulys. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax*.

Ulys. There is no tarrying here; the hart *Achilles*

Keeps thicket; please it our great General

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*: to-morrow, friends,

We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast:

And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,

And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council, let *Achilles* sleep;

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



A C T III.

SCENE, Paris's Apartments in the Palace,
in Troy.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [Musick within.]

P A N D A R U S.

FRRIEND! you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord *Paris*?

Serv. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman: I must needs praise him.

Serv. The Lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace? not so, friend: Honour, and Lordship, are my titles:

What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, Sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv.

Serv. That's to't, indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the request of *Paris* my Lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.

Pan. Who, my cousin *Cressida*?

Serv. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady *Cressida*. I come to speak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires in all fair measure fairly guide them; especially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broken it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my Lord; well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my Lord, dear Queen; my Lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me; but, marry thus, my Lord;——my dear Lord, and most esteemed Friend, your brother *Troilus*——

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*, honey-sweet Lord,——

Pan. Go to, sweet Queen, go to——

Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen, that's a sweet Queen, I'faith——

Helen. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a four offence. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no—

Pan. And, my Lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*,——

Pan. What says my sweet Queen, my very very sweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet Queen? my cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my Lord; why should you say, *Cressida*? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy——

Pan. You spy, what do you spy? come, give me an instrument now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

Pan. He? no, she'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now; by my troth, sweet Lord, thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

Pan. Love!——ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more:

For O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe;

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry, oh! oh! they die:

Yet that, which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn, oh! oh! to ha, ha, he:

So dying love lives still.

O ho, a while; but ha, ha, ha;

O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha—hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers?—Sweet Lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor*, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my *Nell* would not have it so. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something; you know all, Lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet Queen: I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*]

Par. They're come from field; let us to *Priam's* Hall, To greet the warriors—Sweet *Helen*, I must woo you To help unarm our *Hector*: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers toucht,

Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of *Greekish* sinews: you shall do more
Than all the island Kings, disarm great *Hector*.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, *Paris*:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE *an Orchard to Pandarus's House.*

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus's Man.

Pan. NOW, where's thy master? at my cousin
Cressida's?

Serv. No, Sir, he stays you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus*: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my *Charon*,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid's* shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Cressid*.

Pan. Walk here i'th' orchard, I will bring her straight.
[Exit *Pandarus*.

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
'Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
When that the watry palates taste, indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;

As

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight;
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches
her wind so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: I'll
bring her. It is the prettiest villain, she fetches her breath
as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. *[Exit Pandarus.*

Troi. Ev'n such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse;
And all my pow'rs do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of Majesty.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you blush? Shame's a
baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that
you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again?
you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you?
come your ways, come your ways; if you draw back-
ward, we'll put you i'th' files: Why do you not speak to
her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your pic-
ture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-
light? an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so, rub
on, and kiss the Mistress; how now, a kiss in fee-farm?
build there, carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay, you shall
fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the
tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river: (14) go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll
bereave you of deeds too, if she call your activity in
question: what, billing again? here's, in witness where-
of the parties interchangeably—come in, come in,
I'll go get a fire. *[Exit Pandarus.*

(14) *The Faulcon has the Tercel, for all the Ducks i' th' River.*
This Reading first got Place casually, as I presume, in Mr. Rowe's
Edition; and was implicitly follow'd by Mr. Pope. But they both
deprave the Text. *Pandarus*, seeing *Troilus* kiss with Fervour, and
Cressida meet his Kisses with equal Zeal, means, that he'll match
his Niece against her Lover for any Bett. The *Tercel* is the male
Hawk; by the *Faulcon*, we generally understand the Female.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troi. O *Cressida*, how often have I wisht me thus?

Cre. Wisht, my Lord! the Gods grant—O my Lord.

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears made devilsof cherubins, they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all *Cupid's* Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistresses to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able; and yet reserve an ability, that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monstrous?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressida*, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre.

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my Lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart: Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day, For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my Lord, With the first glance that ever——pardon me—— If I confess much; you will play the tyrant: I love you now; but not till now, so much But I might master it——in faith, I lye—— My thoughts were like, unbridled children, grown Too headstrong for their mother; see, we fools! Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to ourselves? But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not; And yet, good faith, I wisht myself a man: Or that we women had men's privilege, Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue; For in this rapture I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent; see, see, your silence (Cunning in dumbness) from my weakness draws My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence. [Kissing.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My Lord, I do beseech you, pardon me; 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss: I am ashamed;—O heavens, what have I done!—— For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet *Cressid*?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning--

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go try:

I have a kind of self resides with you:

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool. Where is my wit?

I would be gone: I speak, I know not what.

Tr. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my Lord, I shew more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,

Or else you love not: To be wise and love,

Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)

To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,

To keep her constancy in plight and youth

Out-living beauties outward; with a mind

That doth renew swifter than blood decays!

Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,

That my integrity and truth to you

Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnow'd purity in love:

How were I then uplifted! but alas,

I am as true as Truth's simplicity,

And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight!

When Right with Right wars who shall be most right.

True swains in love shall in the world to come

Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

Want similes: truth, tir'd with iteration,

As true as steel, as planets to their moons, (15)

As

{15} ———— as Planets to the Moon.] *Plantage* is certainly very justly thrown out, as a Reading of no Sense or Truth: and yet the Text is a little corrupted, and must be helped thus;

----a^s

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center :
 Yet after all comparisons of truth,
 (As truth's authentick author to be cited)
 As true as *Troilus* shall crown up the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be !

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When water-drops have worn the stones of *Troy*,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing ; yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood ! when they've said, as false
 As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth ;
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf ;
 Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son ;

———— as *Planets* to their *Moons*.

He fetches here his Comparisons of true Love from the Sympathy or Affection of the several Parts of Nature. *As true as Steel*----I know, by this Phrase, Men generally mean as true as a well-tempered Sword is to the Hand of the Warrior : but I am persuaded the Phrase had another Original ; and that was, from observing its strange Affection to the *Loadstone*.----But other *Planets*, besides the *Earth*, (before the Time of our Author,) were discovered to have their *Moons* which revolved round them. *Jupiter* has four *Moons*, and *Saturn* five. The Astronomers, sometimes called these, *Moons* ; and sometimes, *Satellites*. Sometimes, when they spoke of the Moon, they called it the *Earth's Satellite* : and when they spoke of the *Satellites* of the other Planets, they called them *Jupiter*, or *Saturn's Moons*. Their constant unerring Attendance on their respective Planets made this *Phænomenon* very proper for Comparisons : though, properly speaking, as it is here put, it is inverted ; for it should be, *as true as Moons to their Planets*.---Because the *Moons* depend on their Planets, not the Planets on their *Moons*. But that this inverted Order is nothing with *Shakespeare*, is plain from many Places of his Works, and particularly from the immediate following Words, *As Sun to Day* ---which is likewise in the same manner inverted : for the *Day* depends on the *Sun*, and not the *Sun* on the *Day*.

Mr. Warburton.

370 *TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as *Cressid*——

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it, I'll be the witness——Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's; if ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name; call them all *Pandars*: let all constant men be *Troilus*'s, all false women *Cressida*'s, and all brokers between *Pandars*: say, Amen.

Troi. Amen!

Cre. Amen!

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and *Pandar* to provide this geer! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. **N**OW, Princes, for the service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence: appear it to you,
That, through the sight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestred from all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature:
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many registered in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Aga.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, *Trojan*? make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* prisoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yesterday took : *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore ;)
Desir'd my *Cressid* in right-great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath still deny'd : but this *Antenor*,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negociations all must slack,
Wanting his manage ; and they will almost
Give us a Prince o'th' blood, a son of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be sent, great Princes,
And he shall buy my daughter : and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Cressid* hither : *Calchas* shall have
What he requests of us. Good *Diomedes*,
Furnish you fairly for this enterchange ;
Withal, bring word, if *Hector* will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their Tent.

Ulys. *Achilles* stands in the entrance of his tent,
Please it our General to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ; and, Princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him :
I will come last ; 'tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him :
If so, I have decision medicinable
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good : Pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along ;
So do each Lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more

Than

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the General to speak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainst *Troy*.

Aga. What says *Achilles*? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my Lord, aught with the General?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good-day, good-day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good-morrow, *Ajax*.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good-morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exeunt.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not
Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the decline is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by those honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, (as being slipp'ry standers)
The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men's looks! who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding,

As

As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulysses*.
I'll interrupt his reading.—Now, *Ulysses*?

Ulys. Now, *Thetis*' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulys. A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, *Ulysses*.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself
Not going from itself; but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each others' form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see its self; this is not strange.

Ulys. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the Lord of any thing,
(Tho' in, and of him, there is much consisting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
'Till he behold them form'd in th' applause
Where they're extended; which, like an arch, reverb'rates
The voice again; or like, a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately,
The unknown *Ajax*——
Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horse,
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use?
What things again most dear in the esteem,

And

And poor in worth? now shall we see to-morrow
 An act, that very chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd: Oh heav'ns, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do!
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 While others play the ideots in her eyes!
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
 To see these *Grecian* Lords! why ev'n already
 They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,
 As if his foot were on brave *Hector's* breast,
 And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. This I do believe;
 For they pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,
 Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
 What! are my deeds forgot?

Ulys. Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion:
 (A great siz'd monster of ingratitude)
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done: Perseverance keeps honour bright:
 To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
 Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.
 For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
 Where one but goes a-breast? keep then the path;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue; if you give way,
 Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,
 Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindermost; and there you lie,
 Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 For pavement to the abject near, o'er-run
 And trampled on: Then what they do in present,
 Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;
 But with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer; Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek

Remu-

Remuneration for the thing it was :
For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin ;
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things past ;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt, (16)
More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted :
The present eye praises the present object.
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax* ;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once for thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulys. 'Gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priam's* daughters.

Achil. Ha ! known !

Ulys. Is that a wonder ?
The providence, that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of *Pluto's* gold ;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deep ;
Keeps place with thought ; and almost, like the Gods,
Does even our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

(16) *And go to dust, that is a little gilt,
More Laud than Gilt o'er-dusted.*] In this mangled Condition
do we find this truly fine Observation transmitted, in the old *Folio's*.
Mr. *Pope* saw it was corrupt, and therefore, as I presume, threw it
out of the Text ; because he would not *indulge his private Sense* in
attempting to make Sense of it. I owe the Foundation of the
Amendment, which I have given to the Text, to the Sagacity of the
ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*.

There

There is a mystery (with which relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state ;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expreſſure to.
 All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
 And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
 To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
 But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
 When fame ſhall in his iſland ſound her trump ;
 And all the *Greekiſh* girls ſhall tripping ſing,
 Great *Hector*'s ſiſter did *Achilles* win ;
 But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.
 Farewel, my Lord—I, as your lover, ſpeak ;
 The fool ſlides o'er the ice, that you ſhould break. [*Exit.*]

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you ;
 A woman, impudent and mannish grown,
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
 In time of act. — I ſtand condemn'd for this ;
 They think, my little ſtomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus :
 Sweet, rouse yourſelf ; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
 Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold ;
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be ſhook to air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector* ! —

Patr. Ay, and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake ;
 My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O then beware :
 Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves :
 Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
 Seals a commiſſion to a blank of danger ;
 And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
 Even then, when we ſit idly in the ſun.

Achil. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus* :
 I'll ſend the fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
 T'invite the *Trojan* Lords, after the combat,
 To ſee us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longing,
 An appetite that I am ſick withal,

To

To see great *Hector* in the weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Ev'n to my full of view.—A labour sav'd!

Enter Therites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politick regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head, if 'twou'd out; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himself in vain glory. He knows not me: I said, good-morrow, *Ajax*: and he replies, thanks, *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, *Therites*.

Ther. Who, I?—why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*—tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd, captain general, of the Grecian army, *Agamemnon*, &c. Do this.

Patr.

Patr. *Jove* blefs great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum———

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his tent.

Ther. Hum———

Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*!——

Patr. Ay, my Lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What ſay you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus; what muſick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But I am ſure, none; unleſs the fidler *Apollo* get his ſinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain ſtirr'd, And I myſelf ſee not the bottom of it. [Exit.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an afs at it! I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [Exe.]





ACT IV.

SCENE, a Street in TROY.

Enter at one door Æneas, with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes; Grecians, with Torches.

PARIS.

SEE, ho! who is that there?
Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the Prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, Prince *Paris*, nought but heav'nly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too: good-morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand;
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told, how *Diomed* a whole week, by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and th' other *Diomed* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly (17)
With

(17) *And thou shalt hunt a Lion that will fly
With his Face back in humane gentleness.*] Thus Mr. Pope in his great
Sagacity pointed this Passage in his first Edition, not deviating from
the Error of the old Copies. What Conception he had to himself of a
Lion flying in humane Gentleness, I won't pretend to affirm: I sup-
pose, he had the Idea of as gently as a Lamb, or as what our Vulgar
call an Essex Lion, a Calf. If any other Lion fly with his Face turned
back-

With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
 Welcome to *Troy*—Now, by *Anchises'* life,
 Welcome, indeed!—by *Venus'* hand I swear.
 No man alive can love in such a sort,
 The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize.—*Jove*, let *Æneas* live
 (If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
 A thousand complete courses of the sun:
 But in mine emulous honour let him die,
 With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful, gentle greeting;
 The noblest, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
 What business, Lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'twas, to bring this *Greek*
 To *Calchas'* house, and there to render him
 (For the enfréed *Antenor*) the fair *Cressid*.
 Let's have your company; or, if you please,
 Haste thee before. I constantly do think,
 (Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
 My brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night.
 Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
 With the whole quality whereof; I fear,
 We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That assure you.

Troilus had rather *Troy* were borne to *Greece*,
 Than *Cressid* borne from *Troy*.

Par. There is no help;
 The bitter disposition of the time

backward, it is, fighting all the way as he retreats: And in this manner it is, *Æneas* professes that he shall fly when he's hunted. But where then are the Symptoms of humane Gentleness? My Correction of the Pointing restores good Sense, and a proper Behaviour in *Æneas*. As soon as ever he has return'd *Diomedes'* Brave, he stops short and corrects himself for expressing so much Fury in a Time of Truce; from the fierce Soldier becomes the Courtier at once; and, remembering his Enemy to be a Guest and an Ambassador, welcomes him as such to the *Trojan* Camp.----

Will

Will have it so. On, Lord, we'll follow you.

Æne. Good-morrow all. [Exit.

Par. And tell me, noble *Diomedes*; tell me true,
Ev'n in the soul of good sound fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* most?
Myself, or *Menelaus*?

Dio. Both alike.

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
(Not making any scruple of her foilure,)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You like, a letcher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter too her country: hear me, *Paris*,
For ev'ry false drop in her bawdy veins
A *Grecian's* life hath sunk: for ev'ry scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A *Trojan* hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not giv'n so many good words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* suffer'd death.

Par. Fair *Diomedes*, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well;
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to Pandarus's House.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.
Cre. Then, sweet my Lord, I'll call my
uncle down:
He shall unbolt the gates.

Troi.

Troi. Trouble him not——
To bed, to bed——sleep seal those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good-morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O *Cressida*! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous weight she stays,
Tedious as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought:
You will catch cold and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry—you men will never tarry—
O foolish *Cressida*——I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.

Pan. [*within.*] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I shall have such a life——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
Hear you, maid; where's my cousin *Cressida*?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say, what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beshrew your heart; you'll never
be good; nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch; a poor *Capocchia*,—
(18) hast not slept to-night? would he not (a naughty
man)

(18) *A poor Chipochia,*] This Word, I am afraid, has suffer'd
under the Ignorance of the editors, for it is a Word in no living
Language that I can find. *Pandarus* says it to his Niece, in a
jeering

man) let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would, he were knock'd o'th' head!—who's that at door?—good uncle, go and see!—My Lord, come you again into my chamber;—you smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha—

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing. How earnestly they knock—pray you, come in, [*Knock.* I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here. [*Exe.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door; how now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good-morrow, Lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord *Æneas*? by my troth, I knew you not; what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn; for my own part, I came in late: what should he do here?

Æne. Pho!—nay, then;—come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him! do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go. [*As Pandarus is going out.*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash: there is at hand *Paris* your brother, and *Deiphobus*,

jeering sort of Tenderness, upon her having made wanton the Night with *Troilus*, as our Author expresses it in his *Othello*. He would say, I think, in *English*—Poor innocent! Poor Fool! h'ast not slept to Night? These Appellations are very well answer'd by the *Italian* Word *Capocchio*; for *Capocchio* signifies the thick Head of a Club; and thence metaphorically, a Head of not much Brain, a Sot, Dullard, heavy Gull.

The

The Grecian *Diomede*, and our *Antenor*
 Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
 Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
 We must give up to *Diomedes'* hand
 The lady *Cressida*.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Aene. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy*.
 They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my atchievements mock me!
 I will go meet them; and (my Lord *Aeneas*)
 We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Aene. Good, good, my Lord; the secret'st things of
 nature (19)

Have not more gift in taciturnity. [Exeunt.]

Enter Cressida to Pandarus.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost: the Devil
 take *Antenor*! the young Prince will go mad: a plague
 upon *Antenor*! I would, they had broke's neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my Lord?
 gone! tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would, I were as deep under the earth, as I
 am above!

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would, thou hadst ne'er
 been born: I knew, thou wouldst be his death. O poor

(19) ————— *The Secrets of Nature*

Have not more Gift in Taciturnity.] This is the Reading of both the
Elder Folio's: but the first Verse manifestly halts, and betrays its
 being defective. Mr. *Pope* substitutes

The Secrets of Neighbour Pandar.

If this be a Reading *ex fide Codicum* (as he professes all his various
 Readings to be) it is founded on the Credit of such Copies, as it
 has not been my Fortune to meet with. I have ventur'd to make
 out the Verse thus;

The Secret'st Things of Nature, &c.

i. e. the *Arcana Naturæ*, the Mysteries of Nature, of occult Philosophy,
 or of religious Ceremonies. Our Poet has Allusions of this Sort in
 several other Passages.

gentleman!

gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor*! ———

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone: thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou must go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father, I know no touch of consanguinity:

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet *Troilus*. O you Gods divine!

Make *Cressid*'s name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave *Troilus*. Time, force, and death, (20)
Do to this body what extreams you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all to it.—I'll go and weep,——

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding *Troilus*. I'll not go from *Troy*. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E, before Pandarus's House.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor,
and Diomedes.

Par. IT is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon us: good my brother *Troilus*,

(20) ——— Time and Death

Do to this Body, &c.]

The first Folio reads,

Time, orce and death.

When the Second Impression came to be published, the Editors I presume, were at a Loss, and so sunk the Word upon us which they could not make out. There is no doubt, but the Poet wrote;

Time, Force, and Death,

i. e. The Compulsion of Fate, that, which the Latines called *Sæva Necessitas*.

Tell you the Lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk into her house:
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A priest, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know, what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you, walk in, my Lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in Pandarus's House.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. **B**E moderate, be moderate.
Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And in its sense is no less strong, than that
Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying drops:

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes,—a, sweet duck!—

Cre. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! let me embrace too:

O heart, (as the goodly saying is;)

O heart, O heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again;

Because thou can'st not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away
nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse;
we see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

Troi. *Cressid*, I love thee in so strange a purity,
That the blest Gods, as angry with my fancy,

(More

(More bright in zeal than the devotion, which
Cold lips blow to their Deities) take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from *Troy*?

Troi. A hateful truth!

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

Cre. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly: while injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Each other bought, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious Time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up all in one loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Aeneas within.] My Lord, is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark: you are called. Some say, the Genius so
Cries, come, to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or
my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cre. I must then to the *Grecians*!

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful *Cressid* 'mongst the merry *Greeks*!
When shall we see again?

Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart—

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked Deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:—
I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:

For I will throw my Glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, be thou true, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation: be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my Lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but, I'll be true:

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* centinels
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! be true again?

Troi. Hear, why I speak it, love:
The *Grecian* youths are full of subtle qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:
How novelties may move, and parts with person——
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heav'ns, you love me not!

Troi. Die I a villain then!——

In this, I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high la Volt; nor sweeten talk;
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are most prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive Devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Aeneas within.] Nay, good my Lord,——

Troi. Come, kifs, and let us part.

Paris within.] Brother *Troilus*,——

Troi.

Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.

Cre. My Lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish, with craft, for great opinion;
I, with great truth, catch mere simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the Port (Lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and by my soul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.

Dio. Lady *Cressid*,
So please you, save the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to *Diomede*
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. *Grecian*, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition towards thee, (21)
By praising her. I tell thee, Lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge:

(21) *To shame the Seal of my Petition towards thee
By praising her.*] There is great Room for hesitating at this expression. To shame the Seal of a Petition, carries no sensible Idea that I can find out. The Change of a single Letter makes *Troilus's* complaint apt and reasonable; and the Sense is this: "*Grecian*, you
" use me discourteously; you see, I am a *passionate* Lover, by my
" Petition to you; and therefore you should not shame the *Zeal* of
" it, by promising to do, what I require of you, for the Sake of
" her *Beauty*: when, if you had good Manners, or a Sense of a
" *Lover's* Delicacy, you would have promised to do it in Compassion
" to his Pangs and Sufferings."

Mr. Warburton.

For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh, be not mov'd, Prince *Troilus*.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll answer to my list: and know, my Lord,
I'll nothing do on charge; to her own worth
She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour—no.

Troi. Come, to the Port—I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand—and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Sound trumpet.*]

Par. Hark, *Hector's* trumpet!

Aene. How have we spent this morning?
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus's* fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dio. Let me make ready strait.

Aene. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity
Let us address to tend on *Hector's* heels:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to the Grecian Camp.*

*Enter Ajax armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus,
Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.*

Aga. **H**ere art thou in appointment fresh and fair, (22)
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,

(22) *Here art thou in Appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating Time. With starting Courage,
Give with thy Trumpet, &c.]* I have altered the Pointing of this
Passage for this Reason: The Poet seems to mean, that *Ajax* shewed
his starting Courage in coming into the Field before the Challenger.

Thou

Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purse;
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puffed *Aquilon*:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:
Thou blow'st for *Hector*.

Ulys. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' *Diomedes* with *Calchas*' daughter?

Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait?
He rises on his toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.

Aga. Is this the lady *Cressida*?

Dio. Ev'n she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, sweet lady.

Nest. Our General doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulys. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.
So much for *Nestor*.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted, thus, you and your argument.

Ulys. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns!

Patr. The first was *Menelaus*' kiss—this mine—
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Patr. *Paris* and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, Sir: lady, by your leave,—

Cre. In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kifs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kifs.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You are an odd man, give ev'n, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, *Par's* is not; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is ev'n with you.

Men. You fillip me o'th' head.

Cre. No, I'll be fworn.

Ulys. It were no match, your nail against his horn:
May I, sweet lady, beg a kifs of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulys. I do desire it.

Cre. Why, beg then.

Ulys. Why then, for *Venus'* fake, give me a kifs,
When *Helen* is a maid again, and his——

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulys. Never's my day, and then a kifs of you.

Nest. A woman of quick sense!

Dio. Lady, a word—I'll bring you to your father.

[*Diomedes leads out Cressida.*]

Ulys. Fy, fy, upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint, and motive of her body:
Oh, these encounterers! so glib of tongue,
They give a coasting welcome ere it comes;
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader: set them down
For fluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

[*Trumpet within.*]

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, and Attendants.

All. The *Trojans'* trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Æne. Hail, all the state of *Greece*! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the Knights

Shall

Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Aene. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done, (23)
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The Knight oppos'd.

Aene. If not *Achilles*, Sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Aene. Therefore, *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
Valour and pride excel themselves in *Hector*;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to seek
This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A maiden-battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomedes.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomedes*: go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and Lord *Aeneas*
Consent upon the order of the fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath. The combatants being kin

(23) *Aga.* 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,] It seems absurd to me, that *Agamemnon* should make a Remark to the Disparagement of *Hector* for Pride, and that *Aeneas* should immediately say, *If not Achilles, Sir, what is your Name?* and then desire him to take Notice, that *Hector* was as void of Pride as he was full of Valour. Why was *Achilles* to take Notice of this, if it was *Agamemnon* that threw this Imputation of Pride in *Hector*'s Teeth? I was fully satisfied, that this Reproach on *Hector* ought to be placed to *Achilles*, as I have ventured to place it; and consulting Mr. *Dryden*'s Alteration of this Play, I was not a little pleased to find that I had but seconded the Opinion of that great Man in this Point.

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulys. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What *Trojan* is that same, that looks so heavy?

Ulys. The youngest son of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.

They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.

Thus says *Aeneas*, one that knows the youth

Ev'n to his inches; and with private soul,

Did in great *Ilion* thus translate him to me.

[*Alarm. Hector and Ajax fight.*

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.

Troi. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd; there, *Ajax*.

[*Trumpets cease.*

Dio. You must no more.

Aene. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Hector* pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.

Thou art, great Lord, my father's sister's son;

A cousin-german to great *Priam*'s seed:

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

Were thy commixion *Greek* and *Trojan* so,

That thou couldst say, this hand is *Grecian* all,

And this is *Trojan*; the sinews of this leg

All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds

Bounds in my fire's; by *Jove* multipotent,
 Thou shouldst not bear from me a *Greekish* member,
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud: But the just Gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*:
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.—
 Cousin, all honour to thee!——

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector*!
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable,
 (On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes,
 Cries, this is he;) could promise to himself
 A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*!

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides,
 What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it:
 The issue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
 (As feld I have the chance) I would desire
 My famous cousin to our *Grecian* tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wish, and great *Achilles*
 Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
 And signify this loving interview
 To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
 Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin:
 I will go eat with thee, and see your Knights.

Agamemnon and the rest of the Greeks come forward.

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
 But for *Achilles*, mine own searching eyes
 Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
 That would be rid of such an enemy;

But

But that's no welcome : understand more clear,
 What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
 And formless ruin of oblivion,
 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
 Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
 Bids thee with most divine integrity,
 From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no less to you.

[*To Troilus.*]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting,
 You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer ?

Aene. The noble *Menelaus*.

Hect. O—you, my Lord—by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks.
 Mock not that I effect th' untraded oath ;
 Your *quondam* wife swears still by *Venus*' glove ;
 She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon—I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee oft,
 Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
 Through ranks of *Greekish* youth ; and I have seen thee,
 As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy *Phrygian* steed,
 Bravely despising forfeits and subduments,
 When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i'th' air,
 Not letting it decline on the declin'd :
 That I have said unto my standers-by,
 Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life !
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of *Greeks* have hemm'd thee in,
 Like an *Olympian* wrestling. This I've seen :
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel.
 I never saw 'till now. I knew thy grandfire,
 And once fought with him ; he was a soldier good ;
 But by great *Mars*, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Aene. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,

That

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would, they could.

Nest. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have seen the time——

Ulys. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here the base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord *Ulysses*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since first I saw yourself and *Diomedes*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* embassy.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you;
There they stand yet; and, modestly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* stone will cost
A drop of *Grecian* blood; the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulys. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord *Ulysses*;—thou!
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles*?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee,

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er:

But

But there's more in me, than thou understandst.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heav'ns!

Hect. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again.—
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that smithied *Mars* his helm, (24)
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;
And you, *Achilles*, let these threats alone,
'Till accident or purpose bring you to't.

(24) *But by the Forge that smithied Mars his helm,*
So, again, in *Hamlet*;

*And my Imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's Stithy.*

A *Stithy*, or *Stith*, signifies an *Anvil*. So CHAUCER in his *Knight's Tale*.

————— and the Smith

That forgith sharpe Swerdis on the Stith.

And the Word is still current in our Northern Counties. But, I own, I suspect this not to have been our Author's Word, either in *Hamlet* or here. For, in the first Place, an Anvil is far from being the dirtiest thing in a Smith's Shop: and then, the Forge, or Furnace, cannot be said to *anvil* the Helmet. I have corrected;

But by the Forge that smithied Mars's helm.

A *Smithy* is the working Shop of a Smith; and to *smithy*, is, to perform the Work and Office of a Smith.

You

You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field :
We have had pelting war since you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cause.

Achil. Dost thou intreat me, *Hector* ?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death ;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my tent,
There in the fall convive you ; afterwards,
As *Hector's* leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally intreat him
To taste your bounties : let the trumpets blow ;
That this great soldier may his welcome know. [*Excunt.*

Manent Troilus and Ulysses.

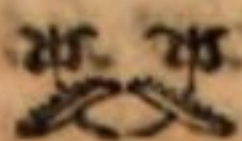
Troi. My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep ?

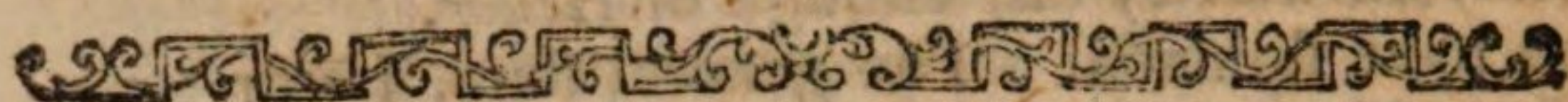
Ulys. At *Menelaus'* tent, most princely *Troilus* ;
There *Diomede* doth feast with him to-night ;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Cressid*.

Troi. Shall I, sweet Lord, be bound to thee so much,
After you part from *Agamemnon's* tent,
To bring me thither ?

Ulys. You shall command me, Sir :
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy* ; had she no lover there,
That wails her absence ?

Troi. O Sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my Lord ?
She was lov'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Excunt.*





A C T V.

SCENE, before Achilles's Tent, in the
Grecian Camp.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

ACHILLES.

I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy? (25)

Thou crusty botch of Nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st, and
idol of ideot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity; and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee, be silent, boy, I profit not by thy
talk; thou art thought to be Achilles's male-varlet.

Patr. Male-varlet, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs,
loads o' gravel i'th' back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw
eyes, dirt-rotten livers, weezing lungs, bladders full of

(25) How now, thou core of Envy?

Thou crusty batch of Nature,] Thus all the printed Copies:
but what is a crusty batch of Nature? We must certainly read,
Botch; i. e. Scab, Sore, &c. So, before, in the Beginning of the
second Act;

And those Boils did run--say so--Did not the General run,
were not that a botchy Core?

impost-

imposthume, sciatica's, lime-kilns i'th' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of fley'd filk, thou green farcenet flap for a fore eye, thou tassell of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle: Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*, A token from her daughter, my fair love, Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it; Fall *Greek*, fail fame, honour, or go, or stay, My major vow lies here; this I'll obey. Come, come, *Thersites*, help to trim my tent, This night in banquetting must all be spent. Away, *Patroclus*. [Exe.]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, (26) but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax; and

(26) *And one that loves Quails.*] This I take to be an obscure Passage, not very commonly understood, and therefore may deserve a Note of Explanation. *Thersites* is every where scurrilous, and scandalous in his Observations upon the *Greeks*. He abuses *Menelaus* for a stupid Cuckold; and with the same Freedom, I apprehend, here he is charging *Agamemnon* with being a *Wencher*; in saying, he is a Lover of *Quails*. But what Consonance, may it not be asked, is there, betwixt *Quails*, and a Mistress? *Rabelais*, in the Prologue to his 4th Book, speaks of *Cailles coippees mignonement chantans*; which

and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* there, his brother, the bull, (the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;) a thrifty shooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him? to an ass were nothing, he is both ass and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and ass; to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*; for I care not, to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*——
 Hey-day, spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, and Diomedes, with lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave *Hector*; welcome, Princes all.

Aga. So, now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good-night.

Ajax commands the Guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good-night, to the *Greeks'* general.

Men. Good-night, my Lord.

Hect. Good-night, sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draught—sweet, quoth a—sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good-night, and welcome both at once, to those That go or tarry.

Aga. Good-night.

which *Motteux*, I find, has translated, *Coated Quails*, and laced Mutton, *waggishly singing*.---[Of laced Mutton I have already spoken in a Note on the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:] And *Cotgrave*, in his *French Dictionary*, seems to have had his Eye on this Passage, when he explains *Cailles coiffées*, Women.

Achil.

Achil. Old *Nestor* tarries, and you too, *Diomede*,
Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important business,
The tide whereof is now; good-night, great *Hector*.

Heet. Give me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas*' tent:
I'll keep you company. [To Troilus.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Heet. And so, good-night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [Exeunt.

Ther. That same *Diomede*'s a false-hearted rogue, a most
unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he leers,
than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his
mouth and promise, like *Brabler* the hound; but when
he performs, astronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious,
there will come some change: the sun borrows of the
moon, when *Diomede* keeps his word. I will rather leave
to see *Hector*, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps
a *Trojan* drab, and uses the traitor *Calchas* his tent. I'll
after—Nothing but lechery; all incontinent varlets.

[Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Calchas's Tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. **W**Hat are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomede*; *Calchas* I think; where's your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, after them Therites.

Ulys. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Troi. *Cressid* come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian; hark, a word with you.

[Whispers.

Troi. Yea, so familiar?

Ulys. She will sing to any man at first sight.

Ther.

Ther. And any man may sing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulys. Lift.——

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery——

Dio. Nay, then,——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin, you are a forsworn——

Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good night. —

Troi. Hold, patience——

Ulys. How now, *Trojan*?

Cre. *Diomedes*,——

Dio. No, no, good-night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague, and madness!

Ulys. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you——

Ulys. Good my Lord, go off:

You fly to great distraction: come, my Lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulys. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you, stay; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good-night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?

Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Ulys.

Ulys. Why, how now, Lord?

Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian——why, *Greek* ——

Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulys. You shake, my Lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

Troi. She strokes his cheek. ——

Ulys. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay; by *Jove*, I will not speak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potatoe finger tickles these together! fry, lechery, fry!—

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulys. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, sweet Lord,
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now. ——

Cre. Here, *Diomedes*, keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulys. My Lord, ——

Troi. I will be patient, outwardly, I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well:—
He lov'd me:—O false wench!—Giv't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I hav't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, *Diomedes*, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all ye Gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of

Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it:

As I kiss thee.—(27) [Diom. *snatches the sleeve.*

Nay, do not snatch it from me:

He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, *Diomede*: 'faith, you shall not,
I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this: whose was it?

Cre. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was?

Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it,

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. By all *Diana's* waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not—
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell.

Thou never shalt mock *Diomede* again.

Cre. You shall not go;—one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by *Pluto*: but that that likes not you,
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come:—O *Jove*!—do, come:—
I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel 'till then. [Exit.

(27) *As I kiss thee.*

Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

Cre. He that takes that, must take my Heart withal.] Dr. Thirlby
thinks, this should be all placed to *Cressida*. She had the Sleeve, and
was kissing it rapturously: And *Diomede*, in kissing her, snatches it
back from her.

Cre.

Cre. Good-night : I pr'ythee, come.

Troilus, farewell ; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.—

Ah, poor our sex ! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind.

What error leads, must err : O then conclude,

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. *[Exit.*

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more ;
Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulys. All's done, my Lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulys. Why stay we then ?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul,
Of every syllable that here was spoke :
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lye in publishing a truth ?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears ; (28)
As if those organs had deceptions functions,
Created only to calumniate.

Was *Cressid* here ?

Ulys. I cannot conjure, *Trojan*.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulys. Most sure, she was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulys. Nor mine, my Lord : *Cressid* was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood !

Think, we had mothers ; do not give advantage

To stubborn criticks, apt, without a theme

For depravation, to square all the sex

By *Cressid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Cressid*.

Ulys. What hath she done, Prince, that can foil our
mothers ?

(28) *That doth invert that Test of Eyes and Ears.]* What Test ?
Troilus had been particularizing none in his foregoing Words, to govern or require the *Relative* here. I rather think, the Words are to be thus split ;

That doth invert th' Attest of Eyes and Ears.

i. e. That turns the very Testimony of Seeing and Hearing against themselves.

Troi.

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this was she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out of his own eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is *Diomedes's Cressida*.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she:

If souls guide vows, if vows are sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the God's delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse!

That cause set't up with and against thyself!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt. This is, and is not, *Cressid*.

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides far wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As flight *Arachne's* broken woof to enter.

Instance, O instance, strong as *Pluto's* gates!

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n;

Instance, O instance, strong as heav'n itself!

The bonds of heav'n are slip'd, dissolv'd and loos'd:

And with another knot five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomedes*.

Ulys. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd

With that which here his passion does express?

Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that shall be divulged well;

In characters, as red as *Mars* his heart

Inflam'd with *Venus*——ne'er did young man fancy

With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul——

Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Cressid* love,

So much by weight hate I her *Diomedes*.

That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm:

Were it a cask compos'd by *Vulcan's* skill,

My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,

Which ship-men do the hurricano call,

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune's* ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on *Diomede*.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O *Cressid*! O false *Cressid*! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulys. O, contain yourself:
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my Lord,
Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*.

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, Prince; my courteous Lords, adieu.
Farewel, revolted Fair: and, *Diomede*,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulys. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I
would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode.
Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of
this whore: the parrot will do no more for an almond,
than he for a commodious drab: lechery, lechery, still
wars and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning
devil take them! [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Palace of Troy.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. **W**Hen was my Lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlasting Gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother *Hector*?

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S

And.

And. Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent :
Confort with me in loud and dear petition ;
Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence ; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho ! bid my trumpet sound.

Cas. No notes of fally, for the heav'ns, sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say : the Gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The Gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O ! be persuaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being just ; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow ;
But vows to every purpose must not hold :
Unarm, sweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you still, I say ;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate ;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man ; mean'st thou to fight to-day ?

And. *Cassandra*, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit Cassandra.*

Hect. No, 'faith, young *Troilus* ; doff thy harness youth :
I am to-day i'th' vein of chivalry :

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go ; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you ;
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that ? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive *Grecians* fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fool's play, by Heaven, *Hector.*

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For love of all the Gods,,

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from rath.

Hect. Fy, savage, fy!

Troi. *Hector*, thus 'tis in wars.

Hect. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should with-hold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. *Hector*, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am, like a prophet, suddenly enrapt
To tell thee, that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.

Hect. *Aeneas* is a-field,
And I do stand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,

Which you do here forbid me, royal *Priam*.

Cas. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you.

Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit Androm.*

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements,

Cas. O farewell, dear *Hector*:

Look, how thou dy'st; look, how thy eyes turn pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

Hark, how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;

How poor *Andromache* shrills her dolour forth!

Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,

Like witless anticks, one another meet,

And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector's* dead! O *Hector*!

Troi. Away!——Away!——

Cas. Farewel: yet, soft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou do'st thyself and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:

Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight;

Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Alarm.*

Troi. They're at it, hark: proud *Diomedes*, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptifick, a whoreson rascally ptifick so
troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girl, and
what one thing and what another, that I shall leave you
one o' these days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too,
and such an ach in my bones that unless a man were curst,
I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she, there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words; no matter from
the heart:

Th' effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the letter.*

Go

Go, wind to wind ; there turn and change together :
My love with words and errors still she feeds ;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Tro. Hence, brothel-lacquey ! ignominy and shame (29)
Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Field between Troy and
the Camp.

Alarm. Enter Therfites.

Ther. NOW they are clapper-clawing one another,
I'll go look on : that dissembling abominable
varlet, *Diomedes*, has got that same scurvy, doating, foolish
young knave's sleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm : I
would fain see them meet ; that, that same young *Trojan*
ass, that loves the whore there, might send that *Greekish*
whore-master villain, with the sleeve, back to the dis-
sembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless Errant. O'th'
other side, (30) the policy of those crafty sneering rascals,
that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese *Nestor*, and that
same dog-fox *Ulysses*, is not prov'd worth a black-berry.
——They set me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*,
against that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is
the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not
arm to-day ; whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim
barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

(29) *Hence, brothel, lacquey !——*] In this, and the Repetition
of it, towards the Close of the Play, *Troilus* is made absurdly to call
Pandarus——*bawdy-house* ; for *Brothel* signifies nothing else that I
know of ; but he meant to call him an Attendant on a Bawdy-house,
a Messenger of obscene Errands : a Sense which I have retrieved,
only by clapping an *Hyphen* betwixt the two Words.

(30) *O'th' other Side, the Policy of those crafty swearing Rascals, &c.*] But in what Sense are *Nestor* and *Ulysses* accused of being *swearing* Rascals ? What, or to whom, did they swear ? I am positive, I have restored the true Reading. They had colloqued with *Ajax*, and trim'd him up with insincere Praises, only in order to have flirr'd *Achilles's* Emulation. In this, they were true Sneerers ; betraying the first, to gain their Ends on the latter by that Artifice.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus.

Soft——here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river *Styx*,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire :
I do not fly ; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude ;
Have at thee ! *[They go off, fighting.]*

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian* ; now for thy whore,
Trojan : now the sleeve, now the sleeve, now the sleeve !

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek* ! art thou for *Hector's* match ?
Art thou of blood and honour ?

Ther. No, no : I am a rascal ; a scurvy railing knave ;
a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee—live. *[Exit.]*

Ther. God o' mercy, that thou wilt believe me ; but a
plague break thy neck for frightening me ! What's become
of the wenching rogues ? I think they have swallowed
one another. I would laugh at that miracle—yet, in a
fort, lechery eats itself : I'll seek them. *[Exit.]*

Enter Diomedes and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou *Troilus's* horse,
Present the fair steed to my lady *Cressid* :
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty :
Tell her, I have chafis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my Lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew : the fierce *Polydamas*
Hath beat down *Menon* : bastard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* prisoner,
And stands *Colossus*-wise, waving his beam
Upon the pashed coarces of the Kings,
Epistropus and *Odius*. *Polyxenus* is slain ;
Amphimachus and *Thoas* deadly hurt ;
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruis'd ; the dreadful *Sagittary*

Appals

Appals our numbers : haste we, *Diomedes*,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go bear *Patroclus*' body to *Achilles*,
And bid the snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame,
There are a thousand *Hectors* in the field :
Now, here he fights on *Galathea* his horse,
And there lacks work ; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled shoals
Before the belching whale : then is he yonder,
And there the strawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath ;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes ;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does ; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulys. Oh, courage, courage, Princes ; great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance ;
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drousy blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noseless, handleless, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* has lost a friend,
And foams at mouth ; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastick execution ;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck in very spite of cunning
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus* ! [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [Exeunt.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector* ?
Come, come, thou boy-killer, shew me thy face :
Know, what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.

Hector,

416 *TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Hector, where's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, shew thy head!

Re-enter Diomedes.

Dio. *Troilus*, I say, where's *Troilus*?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office,
Ere that correction: *Troilus*, I say, what! *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh, traitor *Diomedes*! turn thy false face, thou
traitor,

And pay thy life; thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, *Diomedes*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both, you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both.

[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus*? O well fought! my youngest brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; have at thee, *Hector*.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

[*Fight.*

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud *Trojan*,
Be happy that my arms are out of use,
My rest and negligence befriend thee now.
But thou anon shalt hear of me again:
Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well;

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Aeneas*; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,

He

He shall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I say;
I reckon not, though thou end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek, thou art a goodly mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it; wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exit.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*.
Mark what I say, attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my proceeding eye:
It is decreed—*Hector* the great must die.

Enter Therfites, Menelaus and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it:
now bull, now dog; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; now my double-
hen'd sparrow; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; the bull has the game;
'ware horns, ho. [Exe. *Paris* and *Menelaus*.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn, slave, and fight,

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A bastard son of *Priam's*.

Ther. I am a bastard too, I love bastards. I am a
bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind,
bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one bear
will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard?
take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: If the son
of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment:
farewel, bastard.

Bast.

Bast. The devil take thee, coward. [Exeunt.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without!—
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Rest, sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the sun,
To close the day up, *Hector's* life is done.

[They fall upon Hector, and kill him.

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek*.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike, this is the man I seek.
So, *Ilion*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, sink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews and thy bone.
On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slain.
Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets sound the like, my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth;
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail:
Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail. [Exeunt.

[Sound retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes,
and the rest marching.

Aga. Hark, hark, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. *Achilles!* *Achilles!* *Hector's* slain! *Achilles!*

Dio. The bruit is, *Hector's* slain, and by *Achilles*.

Ajax. If it is so, yet bragless let it be:
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.

Aga.

Aga. March hastily along ; let one be sent
To pray *Achilles* see us at our tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [*Exe.*

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the field ;
Never go home, here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Hector* is slain.

All. *Hector* ! — the Gods forbid !

Troi. He's dead, and at the murderer's horse's tail
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with speed ;
Sit, Gods, upon your thrones, and smile at *Troy* !
I say, at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.

Æne. My Lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so :
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Address their dangers in. *Hector* is gone !
Who shall tell *Priam* so ? or *Hecuba* ?
Let him, that will a shrietch-owl ay be call'd,
Go into *Troy*, and say there, *Hector*'s dead :
That is a word will *Priam* turn to stone ;
Make wells and *Niobes* of the maids and wives ;
Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of itself. But march away,
Hector is dead : there is no more to say.
Stay yet, you vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains :
Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-siz'd
coward !

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates ;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to *Troy* ! with comfort go :
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey; ignominy, shame

[*Strikes him.*

Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aking bones! Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd: Oh, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set at work, and how ill requited? why should our endeavour be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd? what verse for it? what instance for it?—let me see—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,

'Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;

But being once subdu'd in armed tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths—

As many as be here of *Pandar's* hall,

Your eyes, half out, weep out at *Pandar's* fall;

Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,

Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.

Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,

Some two months hence my will shall here be made:

It should be now; but that my fear is this,

Some galled goose of *Winchester* would hiss:

'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;

And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*

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